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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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SUMNER'S SHOES.

UNCLE SAM—"Which of you is worthy to fill them?"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1874.

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FIGS FROM THISTLES?

EVEN in the minds of leading Independents there exists a certain feeling of respect for one or the other of the political parties, and a plain hope that if the Independent movement cannot be successfully organized, old Republican or old Democratic sentiment may be revived. Probably no man has been so openly indignant with the leaders of the Government, and so vigorously critical of their policy and their morals, as the editor whose individuality makes his columns of brier a distinct feature of the New York Sun. Yet he gives his blows, not to Republicanism, not to war measures, but to "Grantism" and the weakness of the Executive. He prophetically and almost sadly warns the Republican leaders against the time when, he seems to believe, the Democratic Party must return to power. His case is repeated in that of Murat Halstead who said last Fall, "If the choice is between a Republican and a Democrat for Governor of Ohio, let us have the Republican." These men, with the hundreds of thousands who go with them through the hopeful and barren Independent wilderness, remember the old Republican or the old Democratic Egypt. We share with them the remembered glory and the half-forgotten hope.

But we do not believe that it will be possible for Banks, Dana, Booth or Schurz to re-enter the columns of that throng which once marched under the banner of Republicanism. The party of the good old Rail-splitter is dead. It is no longer a glory to be a "black Republican." Nothing was ever more truly said than that the Republican Party had served its purpose when Lee laid down his sword. It was a fighting party; and something of the enthusiasm which made men strong in the days of contest comes over those who sadly say, "If Republican leaders do not strongly reassert old principles, the Democratic Party will hear its President read his inaugural in 1877."

In 1864 the soldier was in the field. In 1866 he inevitably became a Register in Bankruptcy or a Collector of Internal Revenue. In 1874 he is a Congressman or a Senator. There would be a glory of compensation in this fact, if the best soldiers held the positions. A warrior, despite Mr. Buckle, is not necessarily lacking in qualities of statesmanship. Thermopylae and Washington taught us that the ability to marshal an army and the ability to devise measures of good government may exist together. But these two distinct abilities do not exist in General Grant. We have known even soldiers who were mean, illiterate and corrupt. Neither McClellan nor Hancock is of this class; and we do not believe that General Belknap ever dishonored his family name. There are other men of the army and the navy whose wisdom is as strong as their swords. But there are few who will say that Senator Spencer, a Brigadier-General for "gallantry on the field," is a man whose political ability Alabama ought to honor; that the "good fellow" Hillyer is to be trusted in the Custom House; or that Adelbert Ames, a hero of Malvern Hill, is a statesman because fortune made him the autocrat of all the Mississippi blacks. Men like these made the Republican Party mediocre and untrustworthy.

The negroes are another element which makes the Republican Party objectionable to men who pine for culture and wisdom. Elliot, of South Carolina, has shown that Wendell Phillips was right when he said that a negro may become educated alike for the field and the forum; but men just escaped from the barbarism of slavery are not successful when they choose a representative like Pinchback. If carpetbag brigadiers brought mediocrity to Republicanism, the blacks brought ridicule.

Add to these the riff-raff of small ward politicians who flatter the soldier whom they hate,

and blandish the negro whom they despise, and we have the element of contemptibility. To this class belong Casey of New Orleans, Simmons of Boston, Latfin, Davenport and Murphy, of New York; men who have their place in politics, but ought not to become wealthy in positions that require something besides brutality and mere love of money. Yet the Republican Party, a hollow shell, is practically owned by Hillyer, Davenport, Pinchback and Murphy; and they will have as much power to determine who shall be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency as Senator Conkling or Congressman Hoar has. If they have the power, they will have the rewards of money and place. They are the Republican Party; and though we join in the honest desire of men who ask for Republicanism, we wish none of that kind.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

WE do not share the opinion of Republicans who are fond of saying that "the Democratic Party is dead." That party lacks hearty sentiment, political cohesion and a moral purpose; but the same criticisms may be made of the Republican Party. Neither lacks in numbers; and if we class the thorough Independents by themselves, the voting forces of the Democratic and Republican Parties are about equal. The latter is constantly losing both moral and numerical strength, while the former is slowly regaining those from among Republican deserters who were Democrats before the war. If the Independents, at the command of some great leader like Adams, Booth or Blaine, form a party by themselves, the Democratic Party will be as strong in all the requisites for a national campaign as either of its two rivals.

The Democratic Party now exists for two reasons: its old members do not forget it; and there is a constantly growing belief among the younger generation who seek social principles in national history that the theories of Jefferson contain the platform of the great political organization. Slavery, they believe, was only an existing institution which the Democratic Party was bound to deal with politically. Slavery no longer exists; and the principles of the party may be exercised on newer and more worthy objects. If there were a Democratic leader capable of appreciating and uttering the sentiment of the younger generation, without disturbing the conservative habits of old Democrats, he would find himself the captain of a mighty political host. The coming contest is really between the Independents and the Democrats.

The Democratic Party has really had no great opportunity since the McClellan campaign of 1864. Like McClellan in his military movements, it has had "the slow." If in 1868 it had nominated Salmon P. Chase for President it would have had a chance for victory equal to that of the Republican Party. It committed the error of nominating a good man out of the past on a ticket with an unpopular man out of the present. Even with the stupid ticket of Seymour and Blair, which could win back few War Democrats, it showed that in four years it had increased over nine hundred thousand votes, or more than forty-five per cent.; while the Republican Party, maintained by negroes and by men who were still enthusiastic about the war, had increased scarcely eight hundred thousand, or about thirty-five per cent. The Republican majority was decreased one-fourth. Here, in the face of confusion and of an unpopular ticket, was an indication of Democratic growth. It is true that Georgia brought the Democratic Party over a hundred thousand votes; but Georgia gave the Republican Party nearly sixty thousand. Louisiana brought it eighty thousand; but Louisiana gave the Republican Party thirty-three thousand. North Carolina brought it eighty-four thousand; but North Carolina gave the Republican Party ninety-six thousand. South Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas gave a vast increase to the Republican ranks. But Democracy had a steady growth.

In 1868 the relative numerical strength of the two parties was: Republican, 3,015,071; Democratic, 2,709,613. Surely, the latter was not dead. Since the Greeley campaign in 1872 the Republican vote in Connecticut has lost ten thousand. The Democratic vote has lost nothing. In the Greeley campaign, Indiana, which during the four years preceding 1868 had increased her Democratic vote twenty-five per cent., slightly lost, and the Republicans gained ten thousand. Last year, the Democrats won the State, and, if Governor Hendricks is able to cope again with Senator Morton, will keep it. From 1864 to 1868 the Democratic vote in Ohio steadily grew, increasing even during the Greeley campaign; and last Fall it elected Governor Allen and sent Thurman to the United States Senate. Virginia, which gave Grant a slight majority over Greeley, and elected its Conservative (Democratic) Governor in 1869 by eighteen thousand, has elected another Conservative Governor by over twenty-seven thousand majority.

These are only indications. Texas shows Democratic growth. Louisiana, in spite of the black vote, is honestly Conservative. New York is Democratic, if Peter B. Sweeney will tell the city what to do, and the State will nominate a good country ticket. And these are States least likely to be influenced by the

Independent movement. The Independents now have real possession of California, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota, all Republican States. If some great Republican leader does not speedily claim leadership of the Independent and "respectable" Republican movement, the next President will be a Democrat.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

THE Committee of Ways and Means show no disposition to deal promptly with the question of the Sanborn contracts, though it is by far the most serious matter, as concerns the party and the reputation of the Administration, that they have yet had to deal with. The arms contracts investigation of two years since was trifling in comparison. We are certainly not inclined to prejudice the case. We made last week a temperate and careful statement of some of the principal facts involved. Our readers can see for themselves whether these make out a case for dilatory action. We do not know who the Committee may finally discover to be at the bottom of the matter; but we submit that they cannot afford to postpone their investigation much longer. It is said they are waiting for Mr. Sanborn to make his statement. They are very obliging to Mr. Sanborn. Why do they not compel him to make it, and that immediately? And since Mr. B. F. Butler seems to know as much about the business as any one, why do they not put him on the witness-stand? We do not desire to misjudge the Committee; but we confess they seem to us to go for the evidence in this matter, as the old saying is, "like a thief after a constable."

Meanwhile, we shall take the liberty of pointing out some facts which any one can verify by consulting the Act of Congress, approved May 8th, 1872, and the Executive Document, No. 132, Parts 1 and 2, House of Representatives, Forty-third Congress, First Session. If we are not mistaken, these facts will throw some light on the question of responsibility. The Act of May 8th, 1872, was an Appropriation Bill for the year ending June 30th, 1873, and embraced, amongst other portions of the Government, the Treasury Department. Under the clause relating to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue—though what connection it had with the clause it is difficult to say—occurs the following passage:

"From and after the passage of this act the Secretary of the Treasury shall have power to employ not more than three persons to assist the proper officers of the Government in discovering and collecting any money belonging to the United States whenever the same shall be withheld by any person or corporation, upon such terms and conditions as he shall deem best for the interests of the United States; but no compensation shall be paid to such persons except out of the money and property so secured; and no person shall be employed under the provisions of this clause who shall not have fully set forth in a written statement, under oath, addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, the character of the claim out of which he proposes to recover, or assist in recovering, moneys for the United States, the laws by the violation of which the same have been withheld, and the name of the person, firm, or corporation having thus withheld such moneys; and if any person so employed shall receive or attempt to receive any money or other consideration from any person, firm, or corporation alleged thus to have withheld money from the United States, except in pursuance of the written contract made in relation thereto with the Secretary of the Treasury, such person shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than one thousand dollars, or imprisoned not less than two years, or both, in the discretion of any court of the United States having jurisdiction; and the person so employed shall be required to make report of his proceedings under such contract at any time when required to do so by the Secretary of the Treasury."

If we read this provision aright, it leaves all the power conferred by it absolutely in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury. Except that he can only employ three persons under it—presumably at one time—he can do what he will in the premises. The discretion is his, and his only. He is required to consult the "interests of the United States;" but how they shall be consulted is for him to say. He can determine what claims shall be surrendered to the special agents, what aid they may have from the regular officials, in what way they shall perform their duties, and what their compensation shall be. With this ample discretion allowed him, what did he do? On the 15th of July, 1872, Mr. Sanborn applied for a contract to collect certain taxes alleged to be due from distillers and whisky-sellers. On the 12th of August his application was referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury. On the 13th he received the contract. On the 25th of October, although he had alleged that he could collect a half-million of dollars from the whisky tax, and had not collected a dollar, he applied for an extension of his contract to embrace some eight hundred persons alleged to owe taxes on legacies and successions. On the 31st this application was referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury; but that vigilant officer does not seem to have performed very valuable services in this case, as the contract was awarded and signed October 30th—one day before the reference was made, and five days after the application. On the 19th of March following, Sanborn applied for another extension to the cases of nearly three thousand persons alleged to owe legacy and succession and income taxes. Within a week he obtained the extension. On the 1st of July he applied for still another extension, embracing the cases of some five hundred and forty railroads, and within five days he obtained that also.

Now, in all these cases, the point to be decided, as far as the interests of the Government were concerned, was: Were the taxes named in these applications what are known in the revenue service as "state taxes"—in

other words, were they taxes that could not be collected by the ordinary agencies, and was it for the "interest of the United States" to surrender one-half the gross amount of them to any one who should assist in collecting them? It is this point that the Committee of Ways and Means ought to look into. So far as we can see, there was not the slightest effort on the part of the Secretary of the Treasury to determine this question. There is no evidence of it in the documents he submits to Congress. As a matter of fact, there does not seem to have been time to make any inquiry on the subject. Sanborn no sooner asked for the privilege than he was, in the language of his champion, Butler, "let loose" on the taxpayers whom he chose to designate. The Secretary might have guarded the Treasury by a provision in the contract that the taxes should be at least three years standing. But he did not. He might have taken many other precautions, but he took none. Mr. Foster, a Republican from Ohio, says that more than two-thirds of the taxes collected by Sanborn should have been collected without a cent of unusual expense to the Government. If that is true, the Government has lost a quarter of a million of dollars by the transaction. Who is responsible for the loss? The officer who, as Secretary or Acting-Secretary of the Treasury, executed all the Sanborn contracts was William A. Richardson, of Massachusetts. We submit that he cannot afford that the case should not be thoroughly investigated. Perhaps he can still less afford that it should.

NAPOLEON IV.

FULLY five thousand Frenchmen assembled at Chiselhurst the other day, to hail with loyal congratulations the son of Napoleon III. On that day the young man attained his legal majority, and with it the right—in the estimation of his adherents—to assume the title of Napoleon IV. That he refrained from so doing, and that, on the contrary, he made a speech of unusual tact and wisdom, are matters which are generally put to the credit of MM. Rouher and Ollivier, the ex-Ministers of his Imperial father. In like manner, all the wisdom which characterized the acts of Napoleon III, in the early days of his power were attributed to the skillful politicians who were popularly supposed to control him. People found out, however, in time that the Emperor was more astute than the wisest of French statesmen; and it is therefore only fair to suppose that the Prince Imperial has inherited enough of the family ability to be the author of the clever speech at Chiselhurst.

The wisdom of the policy henceforth to be pursued by the Imperialists, in accordance with the expressed determination of the Prince, can properly be estimated only by just glancing at the condition of parties in France. At present neither of the three parties—the Republicans, the Imperialists or the Monarchists—are strong enough to attempt any aggressive policy. The fusion of the Orleanists and the Legitimists was nothing else than a complete merging of the former faction in the latter—the Count de Paris recognizing Henri V. as his legitimate claim. The stubborn refusal of the Legitimist claimant to the throne to accede to the demands of his own adherents has utterly destroyed all his chances of success, and with him the Monarchist Party must stand or fall. There remain, then, only the Imperialists and the Republicans. The latter are divided among themselves, and the two factions of Communists and Moderates hate each other with rather more intensity than they hate the common enemy. They agree only in the fear of submitting to the vote of the nation the question of the future form of government. It is unquestionable that, in most of the large towns, Republicans of one or another shade of redness are in the majority; but it is by no means sure that in the rural districts the name of Napoleon is not strong enough to upset the result of the various *plébiscites* which consolidated the power of Napoleon III. The Monarchists, being entirely aware that they are now in a hopeless minority, are therefore prepared to accede to anything rather than an appeal to the people. The present prolongation of Marshal MacMahon's power of seven years is a confession that the Assembly does not trust the verdict of the nation; but it is at best only a cowardly postponement of what is inevitable. If MacMahon retains his position until the expiration of his term, it will still be necessary to decide upon the future of France; and the long-delayed appeal to the people will then be demanded with a force which cannot be resisted.

In the Prince's speech at Chiselhurst he insisted upon the right of the people to choose their form of Government and their rulers, and asserted that he should make no pretensions to the throne unless called to it by the votes of the majority of the nation. Now, when a *plébiscite* is taken at the end of the seven years' term of MacMahon, the people will be required to decide whether they will incur the risks of a really democratic republic, or whether they will elect an emperor with a title or without a title. All the property interests in France; all the men who are conservative in principle, and all those who are under the influence of the priesthood, will be united in opposition to the experiment of a real republic. There will, then, remain the choice between a renewal of the present form

of government, or the formal re-establishment of the Empire. The *Septennat*, as it is called, and the Empire differ only in name. The candidate, be he MacMahon or some other general, who may represent the former, can make no louder professions of belief in the sovereignty of the people than have already been made by the young heir of the Napoleons; but while the renewal of the *Septennat* will be merely the renewal of a form of government confessedly temporary and experimental, the revival of the Empire will promise stability and peace. There can be but little doubt as to the result.

There is among superficial students of French history a belief that the defeat of Sedan is so closely associated with the Empire as to render it impossible that Frenchmen should ever consent to the rule of another Napoleon. But the defeat of the first Napoleon at Waterloo, followed as it was by the capture of Paris, and the utter humiliation of France, did not prevent five millions of Frenchmen from voting to re-establish the Empire. The Empire of the future is not contrasted in the minds of Frenchmen with the Empire of the past, but with the Government of the present. Time has already dimmed the faults of the reign of Napoleon III., and in a few more years those who are restive under the mockery of a republic ruled by an absolute dictator will readily consent to believe that Sedan was the fault, not of the Emperor or of the system which he represented, but of the unprincipled ministers and courtiers who deceived and betrayed him. Sedan will not stand in the way of Napoleon IV. When France is convinced that under him there will be a more stable government than under MacMahon, she will recall the exile of Chiselhurst, and once more adopt the form of Government which has twice made her the arbitress of Europe.

Will the Empire be postponed until the expiration of the *Septennat*? That depends partly upon the life of MacMahon, and partly upon the fidelity of the army. Should MacMahon die while in office, it is very doubtful whether the Assembly would be able to prevent a *plébiscite*, and the result of a *plébiscite* would, in such a case, be the restoration of the Empire. Or should MacMahon lose the confidence of the army, the same result would probably follow. In any event, the *Septennat* is in preparation for the Empire. It accustoms the people to the theory that a dictatorship is the only safe government for France. The conclusion naturally follows that if the dictatorship of a Marshal is good, the dictatorship of an Emperor, having more of the form of regularity and legality, is better. At the worst, the Empire has never been as arbitrary and despotic as is the present Government. The Prince has only to adhere to his conception of an empire as a republic protected by an hereditary chief, and to patiently bide his time to "come to his own again." And the next *plébiscite* in France will show the curious spectacle of Republicans and Legitimists allied against Imperialists, supported by the votes of those who were formerly the bitterest foes of the Empire—the Communists, who have learned to prefer anything to the rule of the so-called Republicans, who massacred them in the streets of Paris, and shot them in cold blood on the plain of Satory.

VER.

THE season is in pangs. The pains of March precede the birth of Spring, despite the calendar. But out of the bluster of Boreas comes the promise of April. Never was the awakening of Nature so anxiously looked for throughout the broad land. For, consider how hard Winter has proved himself, not only in elemental frigidity and bitterness, but in panicky accompaniments; in moneyless, miserly misery; in the coldness and pinching of destitution and discontent. Boreas piping thus lustily in the van of gentler times is not more dissonant and acrid and sad than the moans that have come to us all through the Winter months from the painfully pitched pipes of trade and labor, and the multitudinous and pinched mouths of lonely sufferers. A hard Winter, truly, when the channels of trade froze up and hearts were congealed, and everywhere in the hamlets and cities men added an extra pang to the season by their own wretchedness. But the sap rises; let us be thankful. Spring has a greener promise than she puts into her tender leaves. It is no fancy to say that other than vernal juices are stirring with the softer days. The windy hammer of old Thor, that cracks the March ice and pounds the frosty earth, is awakening vital activities in commercial centres. Is there not something akin to the gladness of Spring verdure in those other words, Spring trade? Shall we not have the roots of internal commerce swelling and throwing out new filaments presently? Is there not a glimpse of green succulence in those branches of manufacture which have lain dry and dubious through the distressful months? Nay, do not the instincts of all living things turn with expectation to the Spring with a vague sense of renewal, of new chances, of fresh vitality? And there lie our revelation and our sermon, as they have always lain, wrapped in perennial potency in the womb of Nature. After all aberrations, the Spring-time comes as usual. Over all darkness rests the blue calm ether. Famine and cold and calamity are slipping

into the past, and out of the grand constancy and fidelity of the seasons shall not men gather courage? If so, then the dissonance of March may indeed have a hosanna in it.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

MR. DISRAELI has announced himself to be in favor of the release of the Fenian prisoners.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know whether Senator Matt Carpenter is an inflationist or not? So far as we know, Mr. Carpenter is on a well-spiked financial fence.

An attempt by the Irish members of Parliament to carry a Bill enabling Ireland to rule herself in local affairs has been thwarted, on the excuse that a division of local Irish and of general British affairs is impracticable.

The best argument for making the Philadelphia Centennial international, is that visitors would be able to see in the Quaker City the best array of workmen's homes in the world. Even Mr. Ruskin might be satisfied.

MANY hundreds of Germans are planting vineyards in Virginia; and that State promises, through her English colonists, to build up a vast cattle business. Virginia grows slowly, but new blood is doing for her what the slave never could do.

THE Spanish followers of Don Carlos, pretender to the throne, are marching upon Madrid. Republicanism in Spain never really existed. That nation is not prepared for it; and if the Spaniards are to be ruled by one man, why not by Don Carlos?

THE Republicans in the Pennsylvania Legislature are not likely to re-elect Senator John A. Scott. He has no State party behind him, and he is opposed by Simon Cameron, who has a son in training for the position. Senator Scott is a country lawyer.

PRESIDENT GRANT has subscribed for Charles Sumner's works in ten volumes. He will not, however, begin to read them until after he has finished the twenty-one volumes of Jeremy Bentham and the four quartos of Demosthenes that he recently purchased over the Bay.

M. OLLIVIER was enthusiastic enough in his French Academy address on Lamartine to praise the late Emperor Napoleon; and M. Guizot, hater of two Napoleons, succeeded in having the Academy vote not to receive M. Ollivier, on the ground that the Academy cannot tolerate political panegyrics.

THERE is no truth in the report that Senator Morton is seriously ill. General Grant need not have any false hopes. Mr. Morton merely wore a tight shoe which inflated and increased the volume of his foot. If Mr. Morton wore Granger boots he would not suffer so much from his efforts at transportation.

PEOPLE who make short journeys should remember that most railways sell "excursion" tickets, good for both going and coming, at reduced rates of fare. As the railways make the reduction as a pure matter of business in order to induce travelers to patronize them "both ways," people should take the benefit of it.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS finds himself in a predicament about fees arising from Jayne's squeezing of the merchants. Judge Davis was set up as a rebuke to the Democratic Party for having had Judges like Barnard and Cardozo; but that Reformers are not the whitest kind of angels is shown by Judge Davis's actions. Half the Reformers are humbugs.

WHILE the Chicagoans are saying that their city is becoming the great manufacturing centre of the West, the Milwaukeeans boast of possessing one of the vast iron interests in the country. The *Journal of Commerce* of the latter city describes John Nazro as "the solid nonpareil hardware man of the West." For the printers he must be a "fat take."

MR. JAYNE, in order to save himself, threatened to reveal corruption in the New York Custom House. On the ground that he was saved he would not tell the secrets. Is there no power to compel him to tell all he knows; or is the system of "hush" as practiced in church and State to prevail? Oh! that we had a Rev. Dr. Storrs as a detective in Congress.

IN Louisville, Ky., we are delighted to say a co-operative rolling-mill company has been formed. The workmen are to draw only a part of their weekly wages, the remainder being placed to their credit, and going to buy stock. If this plan could be pursued throughout the country, we believe that a sufficiency of capital would be everywhere contributed to its support. If labor will take a part of the risks of enterprise, the only obstacle to its union with capital on a copartnership basis will be removed.

MR. DISBECKER is New York's appointed editor of the *City Record*, a useless and expensive publication of the useless and expensive doings of the city fathers. Mr. Disbecker was last year Clerk of the Senate Committee on Cities, and he was very useful to the politicians, as a clerk, who knows the papers and secrets of his committee, can very well be. He received his reward. But we submit that his assistants do his work while he is at Albany with Mr. Van Nort, and that the City cannot afford a mere figurehead to receive a salary, when Mr. Tuomey, for a long time the honest Assistant Clerk of the Board of Aldermen, could do the work.

As Mr. Bryant and Mr. Sidney Howard Gay have begun their great Popular History of the United States, the *Evening Post* will be almost wholly under the supervision of Mr. Godwin and Mr. Browne. Mr. Gay takes to his new work much culture and much ability of research. He was once an anti-slavery writer, and some of the articles in the early *Tribune* fiercely denouncing the South, which were quoted against Mr. Greeley during the last campaign, were from Mr. Gay's pen. He went on the *Tribune* through the kindness of Mr. Dana, who

was managing editor. When Mr. Dana became Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Gay took the place on the *Tribune* which he had earned by becoming the head of a faction. He did not long continue in his position, and he was succeeded by John Russell Young. If Mr. Hudson had known the inside politics of the *Tribune* he might have written a very interesting chapter, showing what influence the "four managing editors" had in journalism and in history.

HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in reply to a suggestion by a New York journal, that the great provincial papers are better than the New York dailies, writes that the New York papers are the best in the world, owing much to the Associated Press; that they ought to pay more money for first-class editorial writing; that the editorial writing of the *World* is always conspicuously good; and that the *Herald* is better than it ever was. All which details may be true without affecting the general principle that provincial journalism surpasses that of New York.

THE respectability of the country would be satisfied by the election of Charles Francis Adams to Senator Sumner's vacant chair. But Mr. Adams is not really a popular man. The Fenians are opposed to him, because of his lack of sympathy with the prisoners of England, when he was Minister to the latter country. People do not naturally warm to him. His depreciation of Lincoln has hurt him. He is supposed to be a cold, blue-blooded Puritan, and a devotee of Sewardism, because Seward urged that he be sent to England. Still, in these days, Charles Francis Adams, for strong conservative political intelligence, stands head and shoulders above any other man in the country.

ADELBERT AMES is a Maine man, within a year of being forty years old. He is a West Pointer, with a brilliant mustache. His record is pasted all over with brevets; he was at Fort Fisher; and he is a brevet Major-General. Fort Fisher was General Butler's battle-place. General Butler's daughter Blanche was the most brilliant lady in Washington. Adelbert Ames was married to her. From being Provisional Governor of Mississippi, Ames became United States Senator. He is now the elected Governor of that State. Negroes did it. But, Republican as he is, Governor Ames cannot have negroes rushing into the parlor, and squatting in the dining-room. So he will close the executive mansion, and board. The negroes now do not like Ames. His day has come.

JOHN I. DAVENPORT was with General Butler at New Orleans as a secretary. He had formerly been a very common newspaper reporter. Through Butler's influence he was made a United States Commissioner in New York. It was he who used his power in elections so as to make the right of voting odious to citizens. When men were brought before him charged with violating the election laws, he treated them with unnecessary and mean cruelty. He has attempted to "run" the Republican politics of New York. He now has a Bill for Congress to pass, to enable him and his associates to supervise congressional and national elections, and to charge ten cents each for copying the names of naturalized persons. Congress will please not do this wrong. Mr. Davenport is a small man at best.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* (Republican organ) insists, rather stupidly, that if Senator Schurz represents Wall Street and college political economy, in his financial speeches, Senator Logan's inflation orations represent the farms and workshops of the West. Senator Schurz spoke about principles of finance for the benefit of all men. If Wall Street and college learning sympathize with him, so much the better. We do not place great confidence in William Butler Duncan's opinions on how many beans to put in a hill, or in S. B. Chittenden's views about welding wheel-tires; but they certainly know the causes and effects of financial customs much better than a farmer or a wheelwright. Still, if the mass of the people want inflation, they may, in a republic, have it. But having it would not make it right.

A LOUISVILLEAN, writing from Chicago, thinks that Chicagoans are the greatest newspaper-reading people in the world, because of the rich and racy way the reporters serve up local affairs. The preachers, too, catch the infection, and on Sunday become a sort of clerical reporters, to the horror of the writer from Louisville. Yet, we add, Chicago is the great American city. It is representative, not of the West, but of the country. Louisville is only a big border village. Cincinnati is a great manufactory. New York is un-American in every sense. Chicago gathers its citizens from all portions of the land. It is not a beautiful city; but having no grand surroundings, and a sky above that is never a good blue, it makes up for them by a sensational life. The Chicagoan is a hustler. Life is always a sort of moral Winter to him, and he exerts himself to keep up a little warmth. Very proud is he, too; sending to his Eastern friends deer and game, and, of course, a local paper occasionally. He is fond of speaking of Chicago as the Phenix, but with an air of asserting that the Phenix is enough eight bigger bird than any of your eagles. The Chicagoan is a likable man. He likes himself. Other men's wives like him. He pays dearly and squarely for everything. He is an American.

THE Washington *Republican* has lately been roundly abusing Mr. Louis J. Jennings, of the New York *Times*, and now we are glad to see that it prints a defense of him from the pen of a leading Republican editor of New York. The defense says that the political career of the *Times* is shaped by Mr. George Jones, its owner from the beginning, who, according to this writer, has a "lion-like courage and passion." We think that the writer takes a proper position in saying that it required bravery in George Jones to fight Tammany. As a business man he ran a great risk. He takes the position, too, that Mr. Jones is shrewd enough to know that Mr. Jennings is the proper man to execute the purpose of the *Times*. This is the point, we think, on which the *Republican* will split with

Mr. Jennings's defender. That paper will say that Mr. Jennings does not appreciate either American politics or American tastes. But we beg Mr. Foley to ask himself how many American journalists there are whom he could put into Mr. Jennings's place, and say that they excelled him. Was Mr. Raymond a writer of strong English? Did Mr. Raymond ever criticize Americans? Mr. Jennings's defender shows that Mr. Jennings during the war for the Union, far from traducing the United States in the columns of the London *Times*, really paid us the highest compliments. There are many people who do not like the journalism or the politics of the *Times*. Many dislike its writing. Let them do so. But we think it decidedly unfair that Mr. Jennings's personal character should be assailed. The only way to attack him is with better politics and a better paper.

AMERICAN FAMILIES.

THE descendants of the Van Rensselaers, who once possessed rights of suzerainty and baronial jurisdiction over the extensive domain of *Rensselaerwyck*, are not very numerous. The first patroon Kiliaen Van Rensselaer was a rich pearl and diamond merchant, and a director of the Dutch West India Company. He emigrated to the New Netherlands in 1645, to take possession of the manorial territory of which he had obtained the grant, which comprised the whole of the present Counties of Rensselaer and Albany. With him came the founders of the families Van Cortland, Ten Broeck, Hogeboom and Benson. A good part of these vast estates still belong to the family, and certain curious feudal customs have obtained upon them down to a recent date.

The founder of the second great feudal lordship in New York, Livingston Manor, was Robert Livingston, who was born in Scotland, and came to America, accompanied by his father. The family trace their descent from Livingings, a Hungarian nobleman, who accompanied Queen Margaret to Scotland in 1068. The living representatives of the Livingston family are very numerous, and reside, some of them upon the old manor, many in different parts of New York State and Pennsylvania, and a number in the West.

The Bleeker family came from the Netherlands in 1658. The members of this not very large family live, most of them, in Albany and New York.

The Beekman family furnished several magistrates to the Dutch cities before they emigrated. They were an old Protestant family of Cologne, who suffered many molestations on account of their religion, and were finally obliged to emigrate to Holland. This prolific family has representatives in almost every town of Eastern New York, and all through New Jersey and East Pennsylvania, as well as in Ohio and Michigan.

The family of Lawrence, from which have sprung many able city merchants, are descended from an ancient knightly family, the first known ancestor of which was with Richard Cœur de Lion at the siege of Acre.

The New England family of Lawrences, to which the distinguished manufacturers Abbot and Amos Lawrence belonged, came from the same stock.

The Osgood family are descended from John Osgood, who came from England about 1630.

The progenitor of the Knickerbocker Gardiners was Lion Gardiner, who came as chief engineer in the expedition sent to take possession of the Say and Brook grant in Connecticut.

The family of Jay has never been a large one in this country. They are of French origin, and under the name of Le Jay attained an early eminence in France. They were a Huguenot family, and it was on account of his creed that Augustus Jay fled his mother country in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He first landed in Charleston, and removed to New York, on account of the insubricity of the Southern town.

The Spragues of Rhode Island had for their ancestor Edward Sprague, of Upway, County Dorset, in England, whose three sons were among the early Puritan settlers of New England.

The Chaunceys, another Puritan family, which gave Harvard College one of the ablest of its early Presidents, trace their lineage from Charles de Chauncey, who came to England with the Conqueror.

The Quincy family is also as old as the Conquest. They are of the same race as the Earls of Winchester, and are represented by several branches in England, from one of which sprang the author Thomas De Quincy. The American ancestor was Edmund Quincy, who received a grant of land in the town of Mount Wollaston, now called Quincy, Mass.

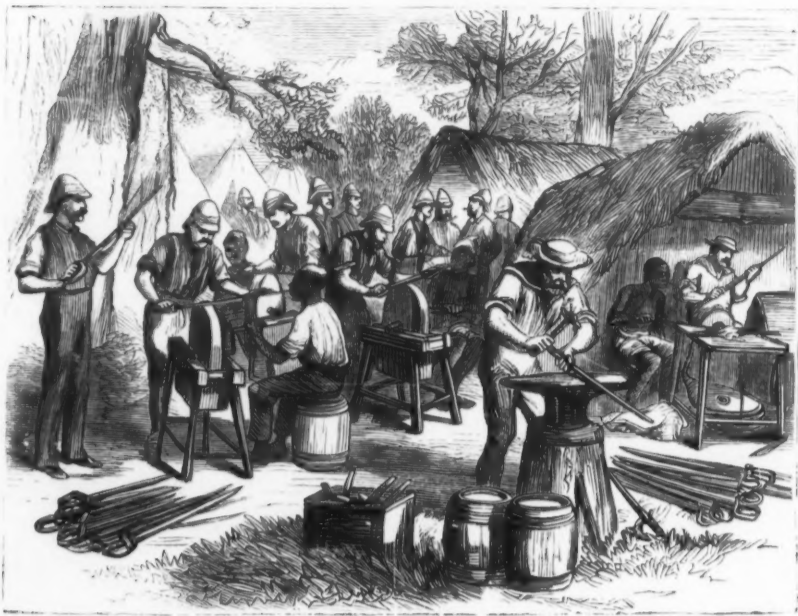
The numerous family of Leland is likewise of Puritan origin. All that bear that name in this country are the descendants of Henry Leland, who emigrated in 1633.

The Barclay family are sprung from Colonel Robert Barclay, who was Governor of East Jersey in 1682. He came from the famous Scottish family of De Berkeley, and his grandfather was the Quaker laird, David Barclay, of Urie, whose elevated courage our poet Whittier has sung in one of his noble ballads. The poet himself is descended from Abraham Whiteacre, or Whittier, who emigrated to New England from Manchester, and died in 1674.

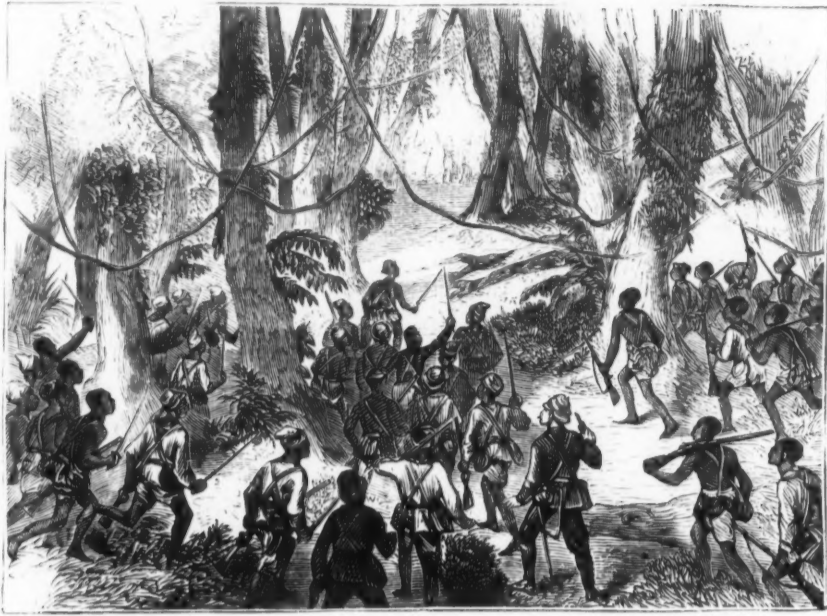
The Adams family had already been several generations in America before the two great champions of freedom, Samuel and John Adams, arose to make the name for ever illustrious.

An instance of the feeling of close connection and united interests which existed in the mother country in colonial times is found in the history of the Yale family. The two sons of David Yale, of Denbigh, Wales, emigrated to the plantations. The elder brother, David, soon returned to England, and as a merchant in London afterwards amassed a large fortune, while the younger son remained in Connecticut, where his progeny are still living. It was David, however, who had abandoned America, and had nothing to look from this country, who gave the money for the foundation of one of our two first universities, and from him it took its name.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR.—CAMP AT PRAH-SU—BRITISH TROOPS SHARPENING CUTLASSES.



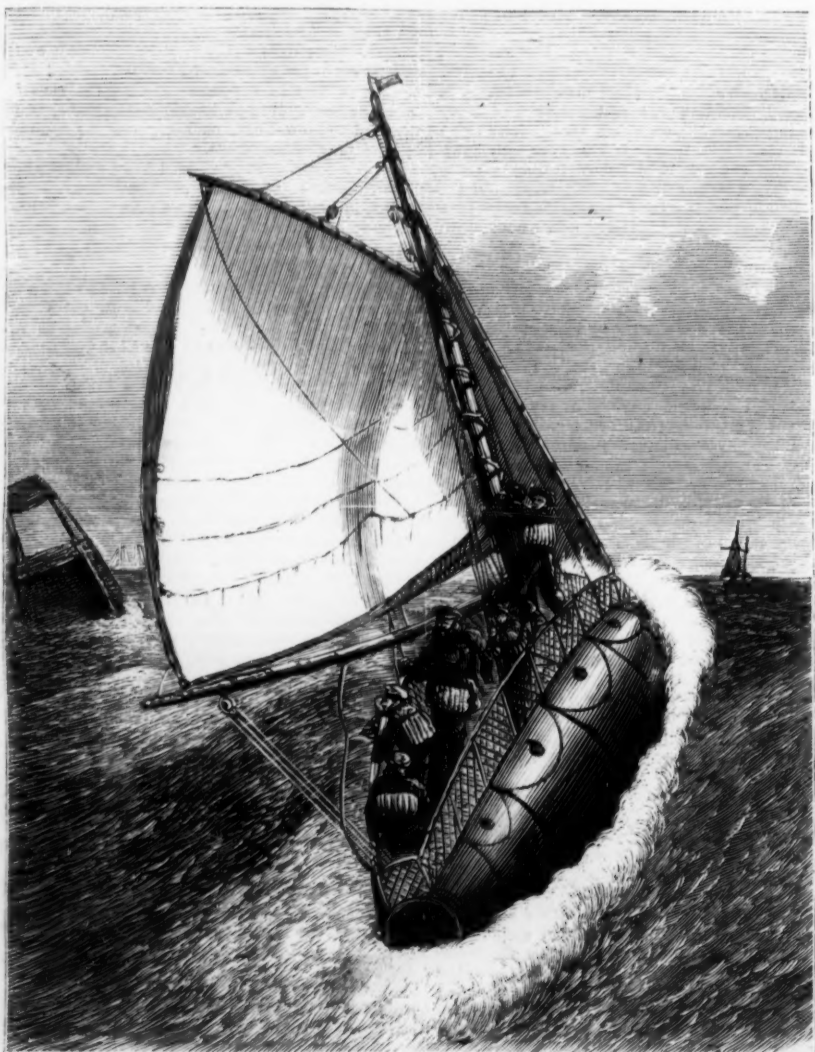
AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR.—LORD GIFFORD'S ADVANCE-GUARD WARNED BY AN ASHANTEE PRIEST.



ENGLAND.—THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.—THE LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE SUMMING UP THE CASE.



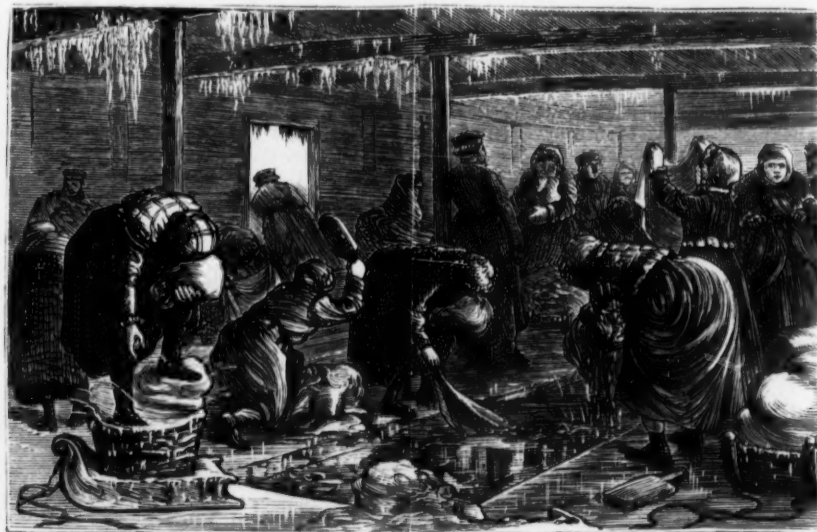
RUSSIA.—ST. PETERSBURG.—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH IN THE STREETS—THE NET FOR OBSTRUCTING FLYING SNOW.



ENGLAND.—TRIAL OF A NEW SURF-BOAT.



RUSSIA.—SCENE AT A MOSCOW FOUNTAIN IN WINTER.



RUSSIA.—WASHERWOMEN AT WORK ON THE ICE ON THE RIVER MOSKVA.

THE PORTER NAVAL MONUMENT.

It is proposed that a fitting monument in Washington should be erected to the memory of the officers, seamen and marines of the navy who gave up their lives for their country during the late civil war. Such a one has been ordered, and is nearly finished in Rome. It was designed by Admiral Porter, and is known as the Porter Naval Monument. Mr. Franklin Simmons, the well-known American sculptor, is the artist commissioned to execute the monument. It will cost about \$26,000, and the amount has been subscribed by members of the navy.

The monument, which is to be the finest in the United States, will rest on a base four feet high, consisting of three steps and a platform 16 feet square, of best American white marble, with concrete foundations. The monument proper will be constructed of the finest Italian statuary marble, free from all imperfections. The base proper will be 6 feet 9 inches high above the platform, and on the four sides are to be panels, the front one to contain this inscription: "In memory of the Officers, Seamen and Marines of the Navy who fell in defense of the Union and Liberty of their Country. 1861-1865." The others will have suitable bas-reliefs. The base of the shaft will be 3 feet 9 inches high, and the shaft 9 feet 6 inches, including neck molding. The crowning piece and cornice to be 7 feet 4 inches square and 19 inches high, surmounted by the crowning figures History and Grief, requiring a block of marble 5 feet 3 inches square at the base on the front of the monument. At the base of the shaft will be three figures, the centre figure an angel 6 ft. high, with two crowns—the other two, symbolical youthful figures, one representing the Navy, the other the Marine Corps. The four balls at the corners are to be of marble, 20 inches in diameter.

The monument will rise from a mound 8 feet high, which will make the summit over forty feet from the ground. It will be erected either at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, or in one of the public squares in the City of Washington.

Our illustration is from a drawing by the sculptor, Mr. Simmons.

CHARLES SUMNER'S FUNERAL.

THE CEREMONIES AT BOSTON.

THE remains of the late Senator Sumner, accompanied by the Congressional Committee and the Massachusetts delegation, reached Boston on Saturday evening, March 14th. Upward of ten thousand people were waiting at the depot. A committee, composed of the Mayor, Aldermen, Members of the Legislature, and of the Board of Trade, received the body, which was escorted by a company of cavalry and sixty policemen to the State House and deposited in Doric Hall.

THE BODY LYING IN STATE AT DORIC HALL.

The gates were opened at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and within an hour six thousand people were assembled. The walls and columns were covered with black. In a niche, surrounded by the battered ensigns of war, was Mr. Sumner's bust, facing that of Lincoln on the opposite side of the hall, with a similar border of torn and shell-burnt flags.

Owing to bad management, many persons were unnecessarily crowded, and several ladies fainted and were carried out. Governor Washburn and Senator Anthony made short appropriate speeches, and during the day eloquent eulogies were delivered in the various churches



PROPOSED MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF NAVAL HEROES OF THE CIVIL WAR, TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON. DESIGNED BY ADMIRAL PORTER.

of the city. James Freeman Clark's church was filled with a large congregation. His pulpit was draped with purple. In front was a bust of Mr. Sumner surrounded by a wreath. He said that the deceased was a statesman, not a politician, and that he did not look at the great questions which he had to solve from merely a party point of view.

All of the large drygoods stores were dark with emblems of mourning, and one house displayed \$10,000 worth of the finest black and white corded silks in its windows.

An immense meeting was held in Faneuil Hall on Saturday, where speeches were delivered by General Banks, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Edward Everett Hale, the Mayor, and others. Owing to the limited accommodations in Doric Hall

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

were held in King's Chapel, on Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The edifice was profusely decorated with crape, flags and flowers, and Mr. Sumner's pew was almost hidden beneath the symbols of death. The remains were drawn to the chapel by four black horses, escorted by a force of mounted State constables, followed by State and National officials. The pall-bearers were: Ex-Governor Clifford, ex-Governor Bullock, ex-Governor Claflin, Governor Washburn, ex-Chief Justice Bigelow, General Banks, Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Francis Adams, John G. Whittier and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The procession passed down Beacon Street, between vast crowds of people, which required the vigilant exertions of a large police force to prevent from encroaching upon the street. Preceding the Mayor were four men who bore a massive cross, nine feet in height, composed of calla lilies, camellias, violets and other rare exotics.

THE FLORAL DISPLAY

is said to have been the finest ever seen in the city. At the church, the remains were borne slowly down the aisle, and deposited in front of the altar.

After the organ prelude, the Rev. Mr. Foote recited in a tremulous voice the beautiful words of St. John: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Then followed the words of Job: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my death worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. We brought nothing into this world, and we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The music was rendered by a choir of twelve of the best church-singers in the city.

After the Neumark choral, "To thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," was sung, the minister read the Thirty-ninth and Ninetieth Psalms, the choir chanting the alternate passages. The selections from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, contained in the burial service, were then read, after which the choir sang Mendelssohn's beautiful anthem,

"Happy and blest are they who have endured, for though the body dies

"THE SOUL SHALL LIVE FOREVER."

Here Mr. Foote read the touching passages of the service beginning, "Man who is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth to stay." The choir sang Gasterius's choral, "Leave God to order all thy ways." The prayers of the service followed, and the choir sang Montgomery's hymn, "Servant of God, well done."

Mr. Foote then pronounced the benediction, and Mendelssohn's Funeral March was played upon the organ as the remains were removed from the chapel. The streets were lined with people for miles, and all the housetops were dotted with heads. About one hundred carriages and fifteen hundred colored citizens on foot composed the procession, and as it moved slowly along, the church-bells of Cambridge tolled mournfully.

THE CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.

was reached about six o'clock. At the grave the Lord's Prayer was recited by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, chaplain of the United States Senate, and a choir of forty male voices, from the Apollo Club, sang one of Horace's Odes, beginning with the words, *Integer vitae*. While the solemn music was rising, two ladies, the only mourners of their sex within the roped inclosure, stepped forward and placed a cross and wreath of flowers upon the coffin, which was already laden with floral offerings.

The services closed with a benediction, and at last Mr. Sumner—the world's friend—found rest beside his mother in her own selected spot.

LIFE IN TENNESSEE.

IN Nashville the principal feature is the Capitol building, which stands on a considerable eminence, and is a magnificent structure. The material used in the building has much the appearance of marble, and was obtained from a quarry near the city. Almost any soldier who was at Nashville during the war will remember the large hotel which was occupied for military purposes. At that time we believe it was called the Zollicoffer House. It no longer bears the Confederate general's name, but is now known as the Maxfield House, and is one of the finest hotels in the South. The hotels of the smaller towns in Kentucky and Tennessee are wretched, dirty places. The chief aim of every individual connected with them is undoubtedly to make a poor traveler as miserable as possible. The proprietor will sit in the office and smoke his cigar, a picture of careless indolence, without sufficient energy to defend himself against the flies. We believe that he would most certainly be eaten up with them but for the watchful little black boy who constantly hovers about him with a brush. When this model landlord is thirsty, he calls on Sambo to bring him a drink. When a traveler comes in it is to Sambo he must look for a welcome, for the proprietor seems to have no interest in his guest's welfare until morning, when he brightens up, and almost seems to feel a friendly interest in such of his customers as are preparing to leave. He is as keen as any Yankee for money, is this lazy landlord; and when you have paid him a bill, the amount of which ought to make him blush, he coolly asks you to come again.



STATUE OF "VICTORY" ON THE PEDestal OF THE PROPOSED NAVAL MONUMENT.



STATUES OF "GRIEF" AND "HISTORY" FOR THE APEX OF THE PROPOSED NAVAL MONUMENT.

THE ANEMONE.

BY ROBERT LORD LYTTON.

"THE white anemone, fashion'd so
Like to the stars of the Winter snow,
First thinks, 'If I come too soon, no doubt
I shall seem but the snow that has staid too long,
So 'tis I that will be Spring's unguessed scout,'
And wide she wanders the woods among;
Then, from out of the mossiest hiding-places,
Smile meek moonlight-colored faces
Of pale primroses puritan,
In maiden sisterhoods demure;
Each virgin floweret faint and wan
With the bliss of her own sweet breath so pure.

A WOMAN'S PROBLEM.

By L. S.

"DOES love make up for everything else?"
Why, Margery, your question comes as
an echo to my own perplexed thought.
And this is what you have been thinking
of as you have sat so quietly looking down on the
river! You, only yesterday a romping, happy
child—you ask a question that I hardly dare to
shape, old as I am; you reason where I almost fear
to speculate. But it is right for you to do so; for,
although ignorance has its own negative happiness,
you have a choice to make, and you cannot, with
your nature, choose blindly. Let me be frank, Marg-
ery. I have known and loved you all your life,
and I cannot look indifferently on anything that
concerns you. You are not a village-girl, although
your home has always been among those hills. You
have been at boarding-school, at your Aunt Sue's
in New York, with me in Philadelphia, and naturally
you have thus acquired tastes that your father's
farm-life does not satisfy. You have been content,
because you have never been tied to your home,
but have always been free to come and go. You
have had none of the drudgery of the farmer's life;
and then, what is more important, you have never
expected to stay here. You have always had a
vague idea that when you married you would live
in the city and share the spirit and excitement of the
day. I do not blame you for this, for you are young,
eager, and full of life. You like parties, lectures,
concerts, picnics, and everything that makes life
happy, and so the calmness of the country is full of
monotony to you. But now you have a choice to
make. George Knowles loves you, for no one can
be blind to that. He means to ask you to marry him,
and he is a man any woman might be proud to
win. But he is a country minister, and to marry
him means to surrender all your own innocent
preferences. He is a simple-hearted scholar, he has
little ambition, he does not like cities, but is content
and happy in his village home. If you marry him,
you must merge your life in his, and make interests
for yourself out of matters to which you are now
indifferent, and be content with pleasures that are
now insipid. If you were a vainer, less conscientious
girl, you might hope to win your husband over to
your tastes and habits; but you know Mr. Knowles
could be happy in no other life, and that if you
marry him, it will be with the understanding that
you will share it; and so if you do marry you will
not complain. Yet, Margery, it is very sweet to yield
if you love, and there is nothing that will make up
for the want of love, I truly believe. I can fancy
you happy and content, sharing his pleasures and
interests, and yet I do not wonder that a girl of your
individuality should pause and ask if love is every-
thing? It is not to a man; I doubt if it is to all
women.

But now I mean to justify myself for speaking so
frankly about yourself, by telling you something of
my own story. I do not know that it will help you,
but it will prove to you that other women have had
this problem to settle when it was too late to specu-
late upon anything but what might have been.
I suppose my husband and I have often been
quoted as illustrations of how happy incongruous
characters could be together. It is certain that we
have been very happy; and yet he was a Quaker,
and I an actress. So if we could mold our habits
and likings into harmony, one would think that
you ought not despair. Yet out of this very happi-
ness is born my doubt, for sometimes—so perverse
is the heart—I have felt that perhaps the discontent
against which I have fought, and for which I up-
braided myself, is really the rightful vengeance of a
bartered birthright.

You know, Margery, that I was brought up under
very different influences from those that now sur-
round me, and I was taught to expect a very differ-
ent future. My father was not rich, but we lived
easily, and had many gay friends. He had inherited
his father's liking for the stage, and although not an
actor himself, he was glad and proud to fancy that
I would perpetuate my grandfather's brilliant rep-
utation in the same profession. I can remember,
when a baby almost, how I used to be called in
when we had company to repeat speeches from the
German and English tragedies, and how, the dinner
being over, I was stood on the table in front of my
father, and how I used to run, flushed and shy, from
the warm applause, across the room to my mother's
arms. I had no other dream of my future, and
when at seventeen I appeared as Juliet, my father's
hopes were confirmed by my bright success. Ah,
they were happy days, my child, and yet, so mixed
are all the threads of life, much of my gay delight
in life arose from the companionship of my young
Quaker lover. It was a cruel blow to my father
when he found I was willing—eager, rather—to
give up my career to marry Reuben. At that time
it seemed to me that the sacrifice was altogether on
my side, but now I know how much Reuben had to
surrender in marrying me. You think the Quakers
whom you have known are a quiet people, but they
are almost uproarious to what they were when I
married. They had no picnics, no knowledge of
art, and little of literature; they regarded music as
a snare of the devil, and an actress as being almost
beyond hope. I cannot tell you how they received
me, how their grave courtesy chilled me. Reu-
ben was the head of his family, although he was so
young; and was not to be lightly cast aside even by
them; but had he been poor and without position
I fancy we would have been at once ignored. As
it was, he, of course, lost his birthright of mem-
bership by marrying "out of meeting," and after he
had won his mother's slow consent she could not
be present at the ceremony, performed as it was by
a "hiring minister." But although our friends all
looked coldly on our marriage, and no one bid us
"God-speed" with sincere heartiness, we were
content because we loved so well. It made little
difference to us then what any one thought, and I
never dreamed that I was anything but the happi-
est of living women until after my Gretchen—her
father's "Margaret"—had lived out her little life of
two years, and then died. I do not know how it was,
but it was then the awakening came. I had not
felt how my lover was changing to a quiet, unde-
monstrative husband, loving me dearly, but not ab-
sorbed in me. I had not missed his old watchfulness

over my everyday happiness until this almost in-
evitable transformation had come, and then I found
how different were our natures—our lives.

Margery, heaven has been good to me, and all
that I have had has been blessed; but it is not true
that the happiness we have missed seems the only
one that would have made our lives complete? My
husband loved me as an actress, he had the courage
to marry me; but then he expected me to merge
my life in his, and not only to resign my profession,
but to lose my liking for it. But nature is not so
easily charmed away. I had peace, plenty and
love. I had everything but myself, and lacking this,
I have not been content. If my daughter had lived,
it might have been, it would have been, different;
but although I have faithfully tried to live in the
interests of my position in life, they have been alien
to me. And here I have wronged Reuben, for
nothing but my love is spontaneous. I do not care
for his business, his interests, his friends, but only
because they are his. If he had a wife whose tastes
and training ran in the same channel with his own,
he might have had a more complete life. I do not
know whether he knows this or not, for men do not
analyze their discontent as we do; but sometimes
I have fancied when I have asked him what worried
him, and he has half-gently, half-wearily answered:
"There would not care, Clotilda," that he has felt
our separation.

It seems a wrong to Reuben, a sacrilege upon
love, to say all this to you, child, and I think had not
you been named after my little girl—had you not
been with us so much and seen how good Reuben
is to me, how happy we are—I could not say it,
even if I thought it right to do so.

And yet where is the use? It is all a problem
to me.

When I look back on my life, and remember how
blessed love has made it, I tremble at my ingrati-
tude in questioning my happiness, and then again,
when I look upon myself and know how thwarted
my nature has been, how I have smothered it, bar-
tered it away for personal pleasure, I have feared
that I have chosen the lower part. A wiser, better
woman than I am might know the right of all this,
but I have lived a life of feeling only. I cannot
argue, I can simply feel. I see how useless my own
individual talent has been, I see what others have
done for art; and now, old as I am, for I am near
fifty, I can but ask if love does compensate for all?

Yet, child, what have we that will take love's
place? For it a world might indeed seem well
lost. Even if it brings us unhappiness, if it is un-
rewarded, it has its own sweetness—its own blessed-
ness. Still I cannot assert that we always have
a right to it, that we cannot pay too dear a price
for it. The first of his gifts is our own talent, meant
for use; our nature, meant for development.

You look up at me with tears in your pretty,
questioning eyes; but Margery, child, I can say no
more. I cannot decide for you. Your own heart
must answer itself.

A LADY'S GLOVE.

CHAPTER I.—THE NOTE.

THE note was lying upon the little table, and it
caught my eye as I entered the room. I started
as if it were a tiny serpent I saw coiled up
there. Three o'clock, and day already faintly
breaking, and the perfume of the morning coming in
at the window. My husband was still smoking his ci-
gar in the little garden that I had made, and that we
both loved. That woman—his sister—had she seen
this note? Well, if even so, she could know noth-
ing; suspect nothing. I opened it—and for the
first time in three months I read language written
to me by Colonel Chalmers.

"Helen, you will come to see me to-morrow, at
five in the afternoon, will you not? I know that you
are going to the masquerade this evening, and I
might see you there, if I wished, and could say my
farewell. But perhaps your enjoyment would be
spoiled, and besides, there are other reasons. Come,
therefore, at five, with your maid. Grant me, if you
choose, only five minutes—but come! A. C."

Should I go? This was the man whom I had de-
ceived. My husband hated him, and if it was ever
known that I had—But, after all, why should any
one know? Something—a waywardness, a per-
verse caprice—induced me to send for my sister-in-
law, and I remember the mischievous smile on my
face reflected in the mirror as I passed it to ring
the bell.

She came presently. Hatred is a strong thing—
she, I knew, hated me, and therefore I hated her.
She was a handsome woman—not possessed of a
gentle comeliness like myself; but of a beauty more
cold and statuesque.

"Anna," I said, "for the first time since I have
known you I think of asking your advice about
something." There was a faint sarcasm in this
speech which, if I did not intend, I did not regret
after it had been uttered.

She looked surprised. "Well, Helen, it is not
too late to make amends."

"Listen to something. You know that before my
marriage with your brother I had a number of very
devoted lovers, who said when that event took
place—who vowed, in fact—that they did not in-
tend to survive it. Well, not a single one has kept
his word and destroyed himself yet, and three
months have passed."

She smiled gravely, and evidently took me not to
be very much in earnest; and I went on:

"Among all those gentlemen was one to whom I
was positively engaged, and whom I jilted. He
was the one who particularly swore he should per-
ish of grief, if he did not by his own hand; and
now, my dear Anna, he is still living, and has writ-
ten me a note asking me to meet him to-morrow
afternoon."

She started. A most singular expression came into her eyes—
something I could not understand.

"You will not dare go!" she exclaimed.

It is odd, but that little word dare irritated me.
Anybody else might have used it except my sister-in-
law; but remember that we hated each other.

"Yes, I shall go. Susanne will, of course, go
with me, so there may be no scandal; and we shall
stay just five minutes by my watch."

"Helen, I beg you to think a moment," said
Anna. "My brother is very peculiar—is, in fact,
jealous—and if it were ever known—"

"Precisely the thought that occurred to me," I
interrupted. "But it need not be known unless
you are resolved to betray me, and that I cannot
believe."

"This obstinacy will some day be a source of
great distress to you Helen," she answered. "I
do not know who this gentleman is; but he was
once your lover, and now that you are my brother's
wife, you have no right to see him again—at least,
in the manner you contemplate. Is it possible that
you are willing to risk all your future happiness for
the enjoyment of a whim—enjoyment whose dura-
tion cannot exceed five or ten minutes?"

This was reasonable, certainly. "I hated reason
then; but even I, so giddy, so foolish, felt that

Anna's words were true. I resolved to be more
frank.

"Well, I must at least set myself right with you,
Anna," I rejoined. "This old lover of mine was
very devoted, as I have said, and made so many
vows, and all that; and yet, do you know, since I
deserted him, as he is pleased to term it, I have
found evidence that he was simply—a villain!"

"Which is a better reason than all the rest why
you should have nothing more to do with him."

"No, I must show him that I was not so thor-
oughly deceived, after all. My pride calls on me,
Anna, to do this—don't you see? And then, after
showing him to himself in his true colors, and per-
mitting him to see, likewise, that I was not such a
simpleton as he believed, I shall withdraw him with
my contempt—and—and, in fact, do as the heroine
always does in novels. Isn't that a good idea? I
can't bear to think that he is pluming himself upon
having had the best of me in our flirtation, or what
you will—and, in short," I added, breathlessly, for
I was talking very fast, "I intend to give him the
appointment he asks."

Anna soon left the room. I could tell nothing
from her manner, except that she had no intention
of betraying my little secret to her brother. It was
then I began to realize how perverse I had been,
and even how daring, to make such a confession.
The dawn had already come, and the birds were
piping their sweet songs in the trees just outside
the window. Though I had danced all night, I was
not the least tired, and, instead of going to bed,
I went to my desk, and, opening a secret drawer,
drew forth some papers. They were love-letters,
highly perfumed, and tied with a bit of Magenta
ribbon. The old charwoman who had taken care
of Colonel Chalmers's lodgings had brought them to
me and sold them, of course; thinking they were
mine. I had rather startled this old lady by giving her
about a fourth of what she asked under threat of
giving her in charge of the police instead, for steal-
ing; and so had made a very good bargain.

And now I am mistress of one of Colonel Chal-
mers's secrets—a secret worth knowing, too. He
was a married man when he came to woo me! Is it
surprising that I should wish to see him just once
more? Those who know natures like mine will
hardly say so.

I did not untie the letters, for Charles, my hus-
band, came in; but I put them away in the desk
again. At four that afternoon the carriage was
brought round. The French maid, Susanne, en-
tered it with me, and the last thing I did before
leaving the house was to put the wicked colonel's
note into Anna's hand.

CHAPTER II.—MUSIC AND A GLOVE.

HE was there, smoking very placidly, and hand-
somer, if possible, than ever. Just a shadow
of dissipation about his eyes; but this made his
beauty rather more interesting than otherwise. At
my appearance he rose, and from his expression it
was easy to perceive that he had not at all calcu-
lated upon my coming. He offered me a chair.

"No, Colonel Chalmers, I have no idea of sitting
down. In your note you asked for an interview of
five minutes. That you may have: but I shall
stand. What do you wish of me?"

Something in my tone puzzled him; but he smiled,
and, after a second or two, said:

"I am going away. I only desired to say good-
by." He glanced at the maid Susanne. Susanne
was evidently *de trop*. But he went on: "Old
friendship—perhaps tenderer sentiment—and all
that, Mrs. Clifford. I really couldn't—could not, by
Jove! think of going so far away without one word
of farewell. Yet this place is a black scene to me
—the associations are full of sorrow—and I can
only hope that elsewhere in the future I may per-
haps forget the past."

This sounded like a set speech prepared in ad-
vance, and probably that is what it was. But the
colonel's delivery was spoiled by the presence of
Susanne, who giggled. Oh, how angry he secretly
was; but how glad was I! I saw through the man
now—a heartless, selfish rake—and was it possible
that I had once loved him, and believed in his the-
atrical speeches and sham sentiment?

Our conversation grew even more constrained.
He tried all the old fascinations; but they could
weave no spell now. At last he said, in a sort of
desperation:

"Won't you play something for me? My piano
is in the corner there, very dusty, and probably
much out of tune; but its music will come back at
the touch of your fingers, Helen."

At first I declined; but he insisted, and so, with-
drawing my glove, I sat down and played.

He begged me to sing, presently. "Try some-
thing from the old operas," he said—"Trovatore,"
"Martha," "Norma," or what you please. I hate
the fashionable music of the day."

And I sang also. He leaned picturesquely by the
piano, and looked down into my eyes and sighed,
and seemed quite distraught; but it was acting
wasted.

Then he sang a duet with me—the tower scene
from "Trovatore"; and it seemed that the only
real charm Colonel Chalmers still possessed was
his excellent tenor voice.

I rose.

"Nearly a quarter of an hour has slipped," I
said; "now I cannot stay any longer."

"You must hate me, to wish to go so soon,
Helen," he answered, taking my hand.

"No; but you only asked for five minutes. You
wished to say farewell. First tell me where you
are going, because," I added, satirically, "it might
not be very far."

"To Europe—that is all I know at present, ex-
cept this one thing else, upon which you may rely:
I shall never come back."

I hope you may be happy there—and I wish
you all the success in every way that you de-
serve."

He smiled lightly, and pressed my fingers.

"A dubious benison; but still, you know, happi-
ness is a thing I can never more expect on this
side of the—of the grave."

"Indeed! That is very sepulchral kind of con-
versation—altogether too Byronic for you, isn't it?"
I laughed, meeting his gaze very firmly.

"If I dared speak," he rejoined, "you should
hear why the—"

"Oh! don't mind Susanne. She is my *confidante*
for want of a better. Say on as frankly as you
please."

"Then know, Helen, that I still love you—more
madly than ever! I go away because I cannot re-
main, since you are the wife of another man!" he
broke out, passionately.

"But there is an equally formidable truth on the
other hand, Colonel Chalmers," I replied, calmly.
He stared, rather surprised.

"What truth?"

"You are also the husband of another woman!"

I played this card as coolly as any gambler could
have done.

"What do you mean?"

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed out the
half-hour past five.

Susanne smiled. My own face was expression-
less; his, crimson and confused.

"Some time ago you missed a bundle of letters
from your escritoire, did you not?"

He dropped his hand. I proceeded:

"I have them; but how they came to me you
shall not learn. They were letters from you to
your wife, whom you had deserted—some were her
letters to you. Your real name is Chevenix—not
so pretty, but more uncommon than Chalmers. Mrs.
Chevenix seems to have lived in Italy—is she still
there, and are you going to her?"

To describe his confusion would be impossible.
He trembled, and dropped into a chair.

"You came here, madame, for this purpose
alone—to humiliate me!" he gasped, savagely.

"Undoubtedly; and now I shall go away quite
satisfied with my success."

He started up.

"You must give me back that bundle of letters,
Mrs. Clifford," he said.

"No. They are mine—and precious property.
Farewell, Colonel Chalmers. Take care with whom
you deal in the future."

And thus speaking, I left him standing there,
petrified.

I rode home gayly. Dinner was served as I en-
tered. Then I noticed that I had lost something. I
wore a glove on my right hand, but where was that
belonging to my left?

I had taken it off while playing at the piano, and
I had left it at Colonel Chalmers's lodgings.

CHAPTER III.—ANOTHER GLOVE.

THIS frightened me. But something else made
me more uneasy. Anna hardly looked up when
I appeared. She seemed absorbed in herself.
Charlie met my eyes with a cold, stern gaze.

"Helen, you are late," he said.

"Yes—a little; but I haven't kept you waiting, I
see. Isn't it a beautiful afternoon?"

"Have you been far?"

"Not very. Thank you, no soup. I don't believe
I have any appetite to-day."

I said this tremulously, for I was sure he was
going to ask me where I had been—and he did.

"What should I answer? Try evasion."

"The most trifling matter of business, Charlie," I
replied; "but you can't know it."

"Why not?" he persisted.

"Oh, I do hate questioning, Charlie! I left off
saying my catechism long ago, and I have forgotten
it entirely."

My impatience annoyed him, as much as his per-
severance annoyed me. But presently he smiled.

"I won't puzzle you any longer, Helen," he said.

"I will tell you my half, and you must tell me your
half. The truth is, Major Lumley told me he saw
your empty carriage standing in L— Avenue.

He is the sort of man who notices everything, you
know, and makes conversation by mentioning his
facts everywhere."

But I did not tell my half, after all.

The next day brought a letter—tiny, scented, and
a monogram. Charlie, by accident, received it
first. No change passed over his face as he handed
it to me; but I felt the blood tingle in my cheeks as
I recognized the handwriting of Colonel Chalmers.
I should have read the letter then and there, but
did not; and thus mistake led to mistake. Can I
say now that I do not believe in fatality? You shall
judge.

Once more alone, I read the second note. It con-
tained but this line: "The glove for the love-letter.
At home from 3 to 6 p. m." There was no measure
to my indignation at the insolence of these words.
But I must accept my enemy's terms, and without
delay.

So I left the house that afternoon on foot.
Susanne was to follow a few minutes later. She
did so. We entered Colonel Chalmers's apartments
together; but to-day his look was one of triumph.

"A second interview, my dear Mrs. Clifford," he
said, "is an honor I yesterday certainly did not an-
ticipate."

"I have not come to remain as long as on the
first. Here are your letters. Will you be good
enough to return me my glove? Do you wish to
count the letters?"

He bowed with mock ceremony.

"I do not forget with whom I deal. Remember
your warning."

He took the letters, and gave me the glove. I left
him at the moment this exchange was made, my
heart so light, its load gone for ever!

And now what must follow—should I tell Charlie
all?

I found him and my sister-in-law together. At
my entrance they seemed confused. There was
mystery on foot, and they evidently had a secret
between them which I must not share. What more
natural than that I should suppose Anna had be-
trayed me. The hatred I felt for her at that moment
made me even ill.

Without one word I made my way to my own
chamber, and, locking myself in, I wept bitterly.

For some time I was not disturbed; but at length
Susanne came with a note. It was a third com-
munication from the man who had professed to love
me. For a moment I was resolved not to read it;
but how was it possible for a determination like this
to last? I read as follows:

"The proverb is law, madame: All is fair in love
and war. I love, and war for my love. The glove
I gave you was an excellent article; but it was not
the glove. Your haste betrayed you. You must
meet me in your grounds at nine, or I shall return
the genuine glove to-morrow—through your excel-
lent husband."

He had played me false, indeed, and had not given
me back my own glove after all. The misery of that
moment's discovery comes back to me even yet.
A fierce impulse came upon me, and I rose and
passed out into the corridor. My husband should
learn all. But when I had taken a few steps a gray
mist overcame me, and I sank down unconscious.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MEETING.

WHEN I awoke, Susanne was with me, and I
was lying on the bed in my room.

The clock struck half-past eight.

"You have been very ill, madame. I thought you
would never again awake," said the maid.

"Has my sister-in-law been in the room?"

"Yes, madame," was the reply, after a pause.

I glanced around the room. A suspicion had
seized me.

"There was a note—did you see it?" I asked,
quickly.

"Do not stir, I beg, madame," she cried, placing
her hand on my arm.

"But where is the note? My sister-in-law took it,
did she not? Tell me the truth, Susanne. I have
trusted you, and do not prove false now."

The girl began to weep. "Yes, madame, she
took the note, and has gone."

"Gone!"

I glanced around once more. Where were my
wrappings? Susanne interpreted the look, and said:

"She bade me tell you nothing, madame, when
you revived; but I will be true. She dressed her-
self in your wrappings, and left this room but a few

moments ago to follow some directions in the note."

I sprang up instantly. All was apparent now—this woman, my sister-in-law, had resolved upon my destruction. Disguised as myself, she would meet my old lover and learn everything. And then the proofs should be laid before my husband, and I thrust from the house—an outcast, a beggar!

It was not yet nine, and there was still time. I went swiftly to the door, the maid bewildered and still weeping. She besought me to stay; but a mad energy was in my veins that heeded nothing to accomplish the purpose I had formed.

I hardly know what followed. A few minutes afterwards I was in the grounds. By the fountain stood two figures—a tall man, whom I recognized as Colonel Chalmers, and my sister-in-law in my dress. My husband's calm and passionate face surveyed them from the opening of an adjacent arbor. A shot rang out, and Anna fell.

"He has killed his sister for his wife!" I cried; and then—the gray mist again, and silence, and the swoon that was like death.

It was many months before I learned the truth. Brain-fever followed the experience of that terrible night, and when I awoke, Charlie and I were in Italy. Poor Anna had met her death not at his hands, thank heaven; but at the hand of Colonel Chalmers, who was no other than her husband. As Mr. Chevenix, he had married and deserted her, and she had never known of his whereabouts until that day when I handed her the note he had addressed to me. She had seen me falling step by step into his meshes, and had taken my place that night by the fountain in the garden, not to destroy, but to save me; and Charlie, happily for our future peace, witnessed all. The villain's indignation at being thus duped in the very hour of triumph, as it seemed, so overmastered his natural prudence and balanced cunning, that he resorted to that last means in the hands of a desperate scoundrel—the pistol.

My unfounded hatred recoiled upon me, and for a time I suffered much remorse; but I have tried to expiate my sin since then, and I live, knowing that if I wish to be happy now, I must remember Lot's wife, and not look back.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE FETE AT CHISELHURST.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

WHEN Louis Napoleon by the *plébiscite* of 1852 was made Emperor of the French (he termed it "by the grace of God and the popular will," he cast about for a royal bride. It was in vain that his ambassadors at various Courts delicately insinuated what were the wishes of their imperial master. As a last resort, application was made to the little Court of Munich, but the King of Bavaria declined the proposed alliance.

There was at that time living in Paris a woman who a few years before was little else than an adventuress. Her father's name was Kirkpatrick. She was handsome, and an *intrigante*. She managed so far to captivate Count Montijo, who was a grandee of Spain, that he married her, and she became lawful Countess Montijo. Two daughters were born of this marriage: one who afterwards became Duchess of Alba; the other is the Ex-Empress Eugénie. The Countess Montijo soon separated from her husband, whose means were exceedingly limited. He settled, however, two thousand dollars a year on his wife, and allowed her to go her own way and take the two little girls. She led a sort of questionable existence in London, Paris, Seville and Madrid, until the Duke of Alba fell in love with the elder daughter and married her. From that date the Countess Montijo took up her residence in Paris with her daughter Eugénie, and lived in very handsome style on a liberal allowance granted by her son-in-law, the Duke, who was very rich. While Louis Napoleon was still President, he became acquainted with mother and daughter, and paid the latter marked attention. When, therefore, the petty Bavarian King declined an alliance by marriage with the new-made Emperor, the latter suddenly changed his tactics, offered himself to the beautiful daughter of the Countess Montijo, and forthwith announced to France, that, being himself a "parvenu" on the throne, he should not seek an alliance among sovereigns, but among the people. The marriage took place in January, 1853.

As time ran on whispers began to be circulated that the Empress was barren, and that the repetition of what took place between the first Emperor and Josephine might after a period be expected. However, before three years had expired it was announced that no such misfortune need be apprehended—that the Empress was in a delicate situation. I hardly know why, but people generally refused to credit the statement, and it is a fact, that, as the time drew near, rumors and gossip of all sorts filled Paris, to the effect that the whole affair was simulated, and that a child not born of the Empress was to be foisted upon the nation as her own. The incidents at the birth of the young prince was of a character to plainly contradict all this nonsense; for, the confinement of the Empress was long and very severe. I was myself in Paris at the time, and on the evening of March 15th, 1856, took a stroll around the Tuileries. On the side separated from the Place Carrousel by a high iron fence were assembled thousands of the people of Paris, in anxious and serious mood, waiting for the announcement which had been so long delayed. At this time the life of the Empress was in great danger. The ante-room immediately adjoining her own apartment was occupied by the Emperor's leading Ministers, and by priests who from time to time engaged in prayer. It was on this occasion, as the story goes, that the unscrupulous and irreligious De Morny was compelled to take a demonstrative part in the proceedings. At a time of supposed crisis one of the female attendants rushed into the ante-room, and, seeing De Morny coolly standing near the mantel-piece, she seized him by the shoulders and cried, "A genoux! à genoux!" literally forcing him to his knees as she exclaimed: "Pray! pray for the safety of the Empress!"

It had been arranged that if the new-comer should prove to be a daughter the fact would be announced by the discharge of fifty guns, while one hundred would declare the birth of a son. It was a mild and pleasant evening, and, after sauntering in the neighborhood of the Tuileries for half an hour, I proposed a long walk to my companion, offering to show him the Latin Quarter by moonlight, where some years before I had lived as a student. We crossed the river, kept our way up the quays, and actually went as far as the Garden of Plants, turned, and walked back; but no gun was fired. It was now two o'clock in the morning of the 16th of March. The crowds about the Tuileries had increased instead of diminished. All sorts of rumors and speculations filled the cafés and restaurants. Such an excitement can scarcely be understood out of France. We were both thoroughly fatigued with our long walk, and went to our lodgings in the Hotel du Louvre, and in fifteen minutes were sound asleep. It could

not have been more than fifteen minutes after that, when the discharge of one hundred guns proclaimed the birth of a son to the Emperor. We heard nothing of it and knew nothing of it till nine o'clock, when Francois came to serve our coffee, his countenance radiant with excitement and his mouth full of the news. "He is a lucky fellow," remarked my friend. "A lucky fellow; everything works to his advantage." It happened to be really so. The birth of an heir took place just as the Emperor's star had reached its zenith. He had compelled England, for the first time in her history, to play second part in a contest which he originated (I mean the war with Russia,) and which he brought to a close against England's will; and from that period France took the lead in Europe for at least ten years. During that time the Emperor was felt to be the arbiter of peace and war, and France rejoiced in her position among the nations.

I first saw the little prince when he was ten years old. He was carrying a musket, marching with half a dozen companions in the private grounds of the Tuileries, under tutelage of a sergeant-major. He looked languid and overworked, but amiable. I have frequently seen him since, and he invariably wore the same expression. He is what physiologists term a "mother's child," and exhibits apparently none of his father's traits of character. I confess I put no great political importance upon the recent gathering at Chiselhurst. It would have been very extraordinary if it had not taken place. It was a capital opportunity for the personal adherents of the late Emperor to prove their attachment to the cause, and indulge a sentiment. They had everything to gain and nothing to lose by the step. And it was fine and very safe phrasing to make the young Napoleon talk of a *plébiscite* and the popular will. We must not forget, however, the political situation in France at the beginning of the war with Germany: how the Emperor had been compelled to yield to the demand for a constitutional government with constitutional advisers; how this concession had already paved the way for other demands, and how his throne began to be unsteady and threatened to topple over. The fact is, you can no longer conjure with the name of Napoleon in the country districts of France as in a former time. The day for it has gone by. Dynasties must yield to the inevitable course of events; and the best hope we can express for this amiable young gentleman is that he will avoid the whirlpool of plots, intrigues and conspiracies, and devote himself to the duties of peaceful citizenship.

ONCE BOHEMIA.

THE death of Ada Clare, one of the most brilliant, erratic, and large-hearted women of the day, has reproduced to memory a famous band, whose names are all that now remain of them. In a small way nothing is more illustrative of the saying, "Thus perish the glories of a time," than the disappearance of the bright *colerie* of eccentric spirits that once constituted that of Pfaff's. It is melancholy, and yet wholesome, to reflect that in less than ten years such names as these rose to their zenith, and fell never to rise again till the last day. A mere recital of their names is like a shower of brilliant meteors who shine, burst, and then sink into darkness. Let us give place to the dead members of this once influential band of choice souls, whose great fault was that their spirits were always far above "proof," to use a wine-merchant's phrase: Fitz James O'Brien, William North, Miles O'Reilly, Artemus Ward, George Arnold, Ada Clare, Getty Gay, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Ned Wilkins, Charles Seymour, Charles Elliott, Count Gurowski, and several others whose names have slid from our memory. Of the living that still remain, Henry Clapp, Charles Gaylor, Walt Whitman, Howland, William Winter, and G. F. Banks, are about all who survive.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A FOUNTAIN IN MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

The good people of Moscow are not blessed with water-pipes and hydrants in every house; but instead, they get their liquid supply from fountains which are filled by the Moskva, a yellow, turbid stream, not unlike the Missouri. Our sketch represents the citizens filling their pails and barrels, while they gossip about love, war and politics.

RUSSIAN WASHERWOMEN.

Why the washerwomen of Russia should leave their homes in the dead of winter to wash clothes in the River Moskva is a mystery to an unbeliever in mysticism. But they do it, superstitiously imagining that, after the ordinary house-washing, their garments must be purified in some running stream. So they go to their huts of ice on the river, and, with the water freezing in cuffs around their wrists, they worry through the form of cleansing their linen, after which they put it in baskets, and stamp it down before it freezes solid.

TICHBORNE'S TRIAL—LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN.

We give a portrait of the Lord Chief-Justice, who has figured so prominently in the famous Tichborne suit. The trial has consumed nearly a year of time, and witnesses have been summoned from distant countries to testify in this strange case. Two and a half millions of dollars have been expended, and the result is that the pretended heir has been sentenced to hard labor for fourteen years.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND WIFE IN THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The New England Yankees who pride themselves on the purity of their snow and the rapidity of their sleighs, should go to Russia, where traveling on runners is one of the fine arts of that frosty empire. We give an illustration of the Duke of Edinburgh taking a ride behind a pair of Imperial steeds. Of course his wife is with him, for he was recently married to her. The net seen in the picture is to keep the snow from flying into the royal faces. As they dash by on the road the pedestrians lift their hats and cheer them on their way.

LORD GIFFORD'S SCOUTS.

In Africa, as in India and Ohio, religion controls the multitude when nothing else will. It has been said that there is no place in the world where the people do not worship some kind of a god. In our sketch of Lord Gifford's Scouts, a band of priests are seen on a hill in the distance, urging the superstitious natives to go no further. It was supposed that they were near the boundary of the Ashantee Kingdom. The priests said that a vast army of the cannibals were just over the hill awaiting them. A further advance would be certain death. The troops pushed forward, however, and found only five men, who ran away into the forests. Near by was a fetish, fixed in the ground like a scarecrow, but it consisted only of some sticks and cotton. Still it was the awful guardian of the Ashantee Kingdom, and thousands of natives trembled with fear when they approached it.

SHARPENING CUTLASSES.

An eminent writer on the home as the true founda-

tion of human development affirms that the grindstone plays the most important part in advancing the interests of civilization. By our illustration it will be seen that this grindstone has accompanied the war into Africa. One can easily imagine the astonishment of the unbleached natives on beholding these revolving instruments of peace. Without them the war would be prolonged indefinitely. No man can fight with a dull sword. The English propose to make short work of their conquest. One cannot fail to be struck with the ingenious faces of the natives who grind the weapons that are to sever their neighbors' heads.

TRIAL OF A LIFE AND SURE BOAT.

Mr. C. Chapman, an English nautical engineer, has invented a new life and surf boat which stands the severest tests, and is winning praise from experienced seamen. It looks more like a headless porpoise than an ordinary life boat—being built of two wrought iron elongated cones. The length is twenty-five feet six inches, and seven feet high in the centre. It weighs 6,200 pounds without gearing. Access to the interior is had through two square apertures. A netting of wire rope incloses all on deck, preventing the sailors from washing overboard. The boat is propelled by steam or sails, and will carry fifty-two men. We give a sketch of it in this issue.

CONGRESSIONAL.

MONDAY, March 16th.—No session of Senate, House.—Bill for new judicial district in New York defeated. . . . The National Quarantine Bill was called, but a negative vote prevented its being taken up. . . . In evening session speeches were made on transportation question.

TUESDAY, March 17th.—SENATE.—Several petitions regarding amount of currency required were presented. . . . Bill on equalization of the currency taken up and debated without result. HOUSE.—Bills were presented from the Committee on Mining. . . . In Committee of the Whole, the Legislative, Executive, Judicial and Appropriation Bill was discussed. . . . Transportation Bill called up in evening session.

WEDNESDAY, March 18th.—SENATE.—Several Bills on the calendar were passed. . . . Consideration of the Bill on equalization of the currency resumed and amendments agreed to. HOUSE.—The Inter-State Commercial Bill debated. . . . Evening session devoted to debate on Bill revising the statutes.

THURSDAY, March 19th.—SENATE.—More calendar Bills passed. . . . Debate on Bill on currency equalization postponed. . . . Every appropriation Bill considered. HOUSE.—The Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill taken up. . . . Amendment offered to reduce mileage of members of the House one-half. . . . Committees on Ways and Means and District Investigation took additional testimony.

FRIDAY, March 20th.—SENATE.—Resolution of California Legislature favoring modification of the immigration treaty with China presented. . . . Army Appropriation Bill was reported, and, with amendment, passed. . . . Fortification Appropriation Bill taken up and passed. HOUSE.—Georgia contested election case called and debated. . . . Business affairs of the District of Columbia discussed.

SATURDAY, March 21st.—HOUSE.—Debate on propriety of appropriating \$97,000 to pay school-teachers of District of Columbia.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Skin diseases are now successfully treated by electricity alone.

Fill glass tubes with fine dry sand, close at both ends, and they will bend easily after heating.

A rapid drying ink is made by triturating carmine with some solution of water-glass in a porcelain mortar and diluting with water-glass solution until it flows readily.

LADY ELIZABETH CORNWALLIS has presented to the Maidstone Museum a very perfect collection of minerals, which was made by her mother, the late Marchioness Cornwallis.

A SCIENTIFIC expedition will, according to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times*, shortly start for the Amou Daria. The Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch will accompany it.

The Italian section of the Vienna Exhibition contained a table-top composed of portions of human muscles, fat, sinews and glands; all petrified into a single block by Mazzini's process, and polished until its surface resembled marble.

The French Academy of Sciences has elected Mr. S. Newcomb, of Washington, and Mr. Huggins, of London, correspondents to fill the places left vacant in the section of astronomy by the death of M. Petit, of Toulouse, and M. Valz, of Marseilles.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—Place a thick piece of good blotting-paper underneath the stain and another piece above it, after thoroughly saturating the spot with benzine. The hot flat-iron is now applied to the upper piece of paper and pressed on it for some time. The result is the complete absorption of the grease by the blotting-paper.

TO PROTECT DRAWINGS.—Drawings in chalk or pencil, such as are easily injured, if rightly handled, can be protected by giving them a coat of collodion. Collodion, it is well known, is a solution of gun-cotton in a mixture of alcohol and ether. The collodion may be mixed with paraffine, stearine, castor oil, etc. Pencil sketches of this treatment are rendered clearer, and may therefore be copied more easily.

GIANT POWDER.—About 600,000 pounds of giant powder were made on the Pacific Slope in 1873, and all sold in California and the adjacent Territories. The Comstock Mine alone used 100,000 pounds. No. 1 sells for 75 cents, and No. 2 for 50 cents per pound. The sales show an increase of 30 per cent. over those of 1872. There are several fuse factories in California, one of which made 7,000,000 feet, or over 1,300 miles, in 1873.

A NEW electric whistle for locomotives is now coming into use in France. It is intended to take the place of switch signals; opening the switch causes a copper plate, a short distance off in the roadway, to become electrified. A metallic brush on the engine transfers the current to the whistle, which is opened, and remains open until steam is shut off by the engineer. If the engineer is neglecting his duty, the fact is at once made known by the continuous sound of the whistle.

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA IN PLANTS.—Dr. Burdon Sanderson has communicated some very remarkable investigations to the British Association for the Advancement of Science on the irritability and contraction of the well-known plant, the Venus Flytrap. By a remarkable series of experiments, made with the aid of Sir William Thompson's galvanometer, he has shown that in certain organs of this and other sensitive plants there exists a correspondence of function between them and the motor organs of animals to a remarkable degree. He especially investigated the question as to whether these contractile actions are accompanied by the same electrical changes as those that occur in the contraction of the muscles of animals.

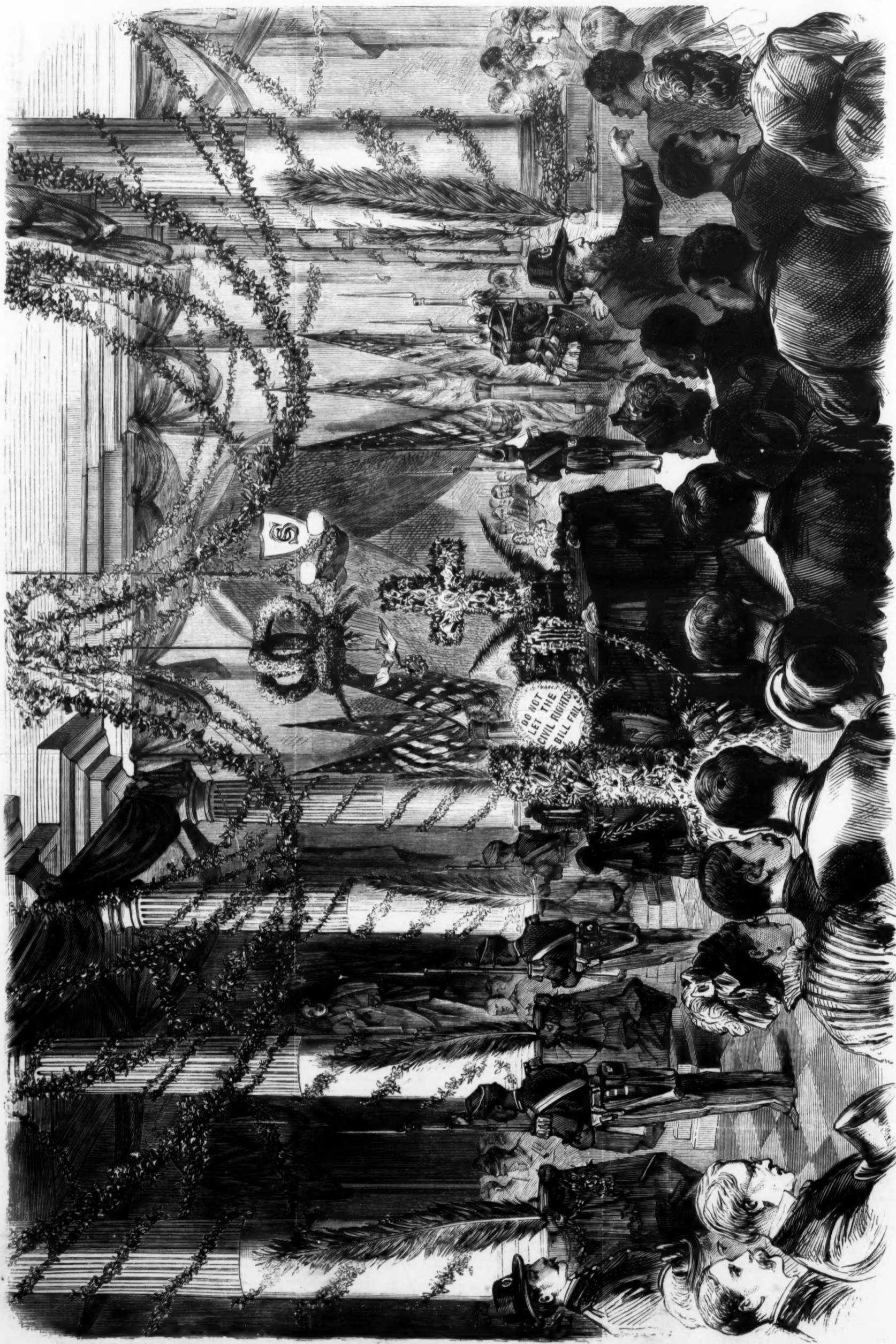
NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

GREAT destitution is reported along the line of the Midland Road in the families of the unpaid laborers. . . . Sixty thousand shad were shipped from Portsmouth, Va., on the 14th, for the New York and Boston markets. . . . The general conference of the Methodist Church South will be held at Louisville, Ky., on May 1st. It is expected to be a very large one. . . . It is said that the locomotive engineers in St. Louis and vicinity will soon make a demand for higher wages, and strike if not granted. . . . The Eastern Railroad has been running a cheap train between Boston and Lynn for a year past. The experiment has been satisfactory, and has developed a new class of travel on the line of the road. The fare was twenty tickets for a dollar. . . . A Knoxville firm has shipped four hundred and twenty-eight barrels of eggs to New York. . . . More than thirteen thousand persons in Maine, over ten years old, can neither read nor write. . . . The California Assembly has passed a Bill to make women eligible to educational offices. . . . Beecher's church has appointed a committee to reply to any invitation of the coming church council. . . . There are 2,000 professional thieves in New York City. . . . The suspension of the steel-works in Jersey City for want of coal throws 100 men out of employment. . . . Two more bodies have been recovered from the Drummond Colliery, Nova Scotia, making the whole number recovered sixteen. . . . Captain Brady, who saved the steamship *Pennsylvania*, refused the \$1,000 presented him by the Company, and he brought suit against them for \$100,000. . . . The smallest salary paid to a Postmaster in this country is \$2, and a large number receive sums ranging from that amount to \$12. . . . Carpenters, painters, plasterers, and other workmen, are brightening up things generally at Virginia City, and a lively business season is anticipated with the opening of Spring. . . . From twenty to thirty feet of snow has accumulated in some places on the road leading from Eberhardt, White Pine, in Treasure Hill, Nevada. . . . An old edition of "Morse's Geography" says: "Albany has 400 dwelling-houses and 2,400 inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street." . . . A storm and snow-slide in Weber Cañon, at Devil's Gate, Utah, tore down the telegraph lines and interrupted communication. . . . Large coal fields have been discovered in Arkansas. The coal will find a market in New Orleans via the Mississippi River, and the distance is only 1,000 miles. . . . So far as the Rhode Island statutes are concerned, there is absolutely no limit of age at which parties may contract marriage. It is not unfrequent that children of fourteen or fifteen years of age are married in this State. . . . A Nashville manufacturer has shipped a case of saddles to a customer in Brazil. . . . The value of postage stamps issued in February was \$1,632,567, an increase of 18½ per cent. over the same month last year. . . . Illinois has abolished solitary imprisonment. . . . Considerable excitement prevails in Albany over the alleged favoritism shown in the Legislature to Vanderbilt's rapid transit schemes. . . . The Massachusetts women have begun a temperance crusade. . . . Judge Brady overruled the plea of Tweed's counsel regarding the sentence. . . . A large temperance meeting was held in Mr. Beecher's Church in Brooklyn. . . . A New York policeman has been assaulting private citizens again. . . . A committee of Boston merchants reported on the Simmons case, and condemned Butler severely. . . . The largest steamship ever built, except the *Great Eastern*, was launched at Chester, Pa. . . . Ferryboats were smashed and passengers injured during the recent fogs in New York. . . . The volcano that was said to be on the point of covering North Carolina with lava and ashes has been quiet for a few days. . . . The New York Importers' and Grocers' Board of Trade oppose inflation. . . . Many New York saloons have been visited by bands of ladies. . . . Philadelphians are holding Centennial meetings.

FOREIGN.

THE English fish crop is unusually large. . . . The Pope asks the Emperor of Austria to protect the Church within his dominions. . . . The ex-Empress of the French and her son have broken off relations with Prince Napoleon. . . . Nearly all the British troops belonging to the Ashantee Expedition have embarked for home. . . . A Carlist force of 35,000 men is threatened in front and rear by Republican troops. . . . The Atcheens are mustering for a general attack on the Dutch. . . . An urn containing a large number of Roman coins has been found near Milan, by some workmen who were engaged in laying the foundations of a house at Torre del Terti. . . . Sir Garnet Wolseley will go to Malta or Aden to meet the remains of Dr. Livingstone and escort them to England. . . . The return of the Conservative Party to power was celebrated in Derry by a torchlight procession and bands of music. . . . The Colonial Treasury authorities in Cuba propose to the Madrid Government to admit Mexican and South and Central American doubloons at the official valuation of \$17, the same as Spanish doubloons, and American \$20 pieces at the valuation of \$21, with the fractions thereof in proportion. . . . The British emigration returns show that the emigration last year was greater than in any year since 1854. . . . The first railroad in India was completed and the first train of cars started in 1852. Since that time five thousand miles of railways have been built and put into operation. . . . Experiments to organize a pigeon post are being made in Hungary, under the directions of the Minister of War. A body of officers at Komorn are engaged in fixing the stations for this service, which would be of great utility in case of war. . . . The Vendémie Column is more than half completed. . . . A two-cent paper, printed in English, is published in Venice. . . . Rome is to have street-cars. . . . In the market-place of Commause is a monstrous basin of brass, wherein a pebble is solemnly deposited whenever the Ashantees go to fight. It is so full that the stone commemorating their invasion of Fanteeland had to be placed with the greatest care to avoid overthrowing the pile. . . . By the burning of the London Pantechnicon, paintings by Reynolds, Turner and other great masters were destroyed, involving a loss on these works of art alone of \$2,750,000. Sir Richard Wallace lost pictures valued at \$750,000; Mr. Wynn Ellis lost paintings worth \$1,000,000, and Sir S. Fitzgerald to the extent of \$1,000,000. . . . Some three thousand Mussulman pilgrims have arrived at Suez. . . . The largest merchant ship afloat, except the *Great Eastern*, has just been launched at Glasgow, by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. She is 360 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 4,820 tons measurement, and is named the *Iberia*. . . . In 1850 the cotton, wool, worsted, flax and silk mills of Great Britain employed 536,000 persons, the accidents amounting to 4,158, which was one accident to 143 operatives. In 1870 there were in all 4,230; but as the hands numbered 892,000, the proportion of accidents is reduced to 210 operatives. . . . On the 14th of February the weather was intensely cold in Rome, and the whole island of Sicily was covered with a deep coating of snow. . . . An exploring party dispatched by the Queensland Government to examine the coast north of that part of Australia has returned with news of a satisfactory character. Thousands of acres of the richest sugar-growing land were found, two new species of bananas discovered, and numerous additions made to the list of the flora of tropical Australia. . . . One M. Raspail, in Paris, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and fined 1,000 francs, and his son sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 500 francs, for having published in the *Almanach Microrologique* an apology for acts condemned by the law as crimes. . . . Of the 1,535 newspapers published in Great Britain 314 are in London, 915 in the provinces of England, 58 in Wales, 147 in Scotland, 131 in Ireland, and 13 in the Channel Islands.



FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER.—THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN DORIC HALL, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 53.



FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER.—THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN DORIC HALL, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.—THE ARION SOCIETY SINGING THE "INTEGER VITÆ."—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BREWER AND E. R. MOORE.—SEE PAGE 53.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER.—THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN DORIC HALL, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.—THE ARION SOCIETY SINGING THE "INTEGER VITÆ."—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BREWER AND E. R. MOORE.—SEE PAGE 53.

TO CHARLES SUMNER.

BY
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A Quarter of a Century Ago.

SMALL need hast thou of words of praise from me. Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well I can guess

That, even though silent, I have not the less
Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I hoped for thee,
When years ago, beside the Summer sea,
White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall
Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
That, to the menace of the brawling flood,
Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a fate; with not a leaf nor vine
Nor birch spray trembling in the still moonshine,
Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think
That night scene by the sea prophetic—
(For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs,
And through her pictures human fate divines)—
That rock wherefrom we saw the billows sink
In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall
In the white light of heaven, the type of one
Who, momentarily by error's host assailed,
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite mailed;
And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all
The tumult, hears the angels say, "Well done!"

THE SECRET OF THE COTTONWOOD.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER V.—LISSETTE'S BOOTS.

MRS. SENTER would not have asked of the Frenchman the service he seemed now so willing to render if she had not known that there would soon be an opportunity for its performance. As she had been told to expect, there sailed into the bay, about a week after her conversation with Monsieur Vallon, the schooner on which he had hoped to reach St. Augustine. It was now returning to Mobile, and on it the Frenchman, a second time, secured his passage. And it was well he had the opportunity of leaving St. Marks as he did, for his money was nearly gone. His traveling expenses were advanced him by Mrs. Senter, but he vowed to himself that as soon as opportunity arrived he would send the money back to her—every real of it.

It was very hot—remarkably so, in fact—on that day in early Summer when Monsieur Vallon for the first time set foot in the streets of Mobile.

The city rather surprised him. His experience in America had not led him to expect to see a town with good, and even handsome, houses, neat shops, and prosperous-looking people; and where, in ten minutes, he actually met three Frenchmen!

Of the last of these he inquired his way to a tavern, and was directed to one on an adjoining street, where our young friend found comfortable accommodations and a good—really good—bottle of claret, which looked and tasted like the wine of Paris days.

After a late dinner Vallon sent the letter with which he had been entrusted to its address. He sent it by a servant of the house, and also inclosed to Mr. Senter his name and present place of lodging.

This little business over, our young friend betook himself to the piazza, and, puffing away at some good tobacco, he began to think of himself and his own concerns. "Mobile," thought he, "must certainly be a pleasant place. Three Frenchmen in ten minutes in the street, and several of my countrymen in this house! When I shall have finished my little affair with the good Senter—that is, if he is not altogether a coward—I shall, circumstances permitting, take up my abode here, get something to do through some of these French people, and save money enough to return to France—in case I do not hear from my family in good time."

Now this was pleasant. It was the next best thing to going home; and, indeed, if things turned out properly, it would be the first step towards a return to France.

After all, that tin box expedition had not been such an unlucky affair as he had thought. Here was a pleasant place to live; here were his own countrymen; here were many of those adjuncts of civilization with which he had so long been unacquainted; and here, it was very probable, he could support himself comfortably. Altogether a delightful prospect.

Just at that moment he saw Lomruge in the street!

With a sudden exclamation, and a bound down the steps of the piazza, Vallon stood by the side of the stately Indian. Despite the imperturbable traits which he had inherited from the originator of his race, Solemn Water gave a little jump as the excited Frenchman clasped him on the shoulder. He could not help it.

"What! Lomruge! Is this really you? What have you done with that paper I gave you?" cried Vallon.

"Umph!" said the Indian, now continuing his walk. "My white brother is here, I see."

"That is nothing to see," said Vallon, walking by the side of his grave companion. "But what I want now is the paper I gave you on the St. Johns."

"You know English, now?" said Lomruge. "Yes, I have learned to speak it better; but that has nothing to do with the paper. Do you understand enough English to know that I am anxious about it?"

This remark did not prove to be a wise one, for it gave the Indian a cue which he was not slow to take up.

"Good-by!" said he, turning the corner of a cross street. "Solemn Water is glad his brother has learned so much," and he stepped off rapidly.

But Vallon was not to be fooled in that way. In an instant he stood in front of the Indian.

"Look here, Lomruge!" said he. "There is a calabozo in this town, and into it you go if you do not render me an account of my property. Do you see that soldier? Answer me, or I call to him."

"What is it that my brother wants?" said the Indian.

"What is it? You rascal—you know very well what it is!" cried Vallon. "Where is that paper that I gave you on the St. Johns, and of which I told you to be so careful. Have you it yet, or have you given it to any one?"

Said the Indian: "I gave it to him who owned it."

"To him who owned it!" cried Vallon. "And who was he?"

"The father of the papoose whose name was on it. I gave it to him."

"And who was he?" asked Vallon.

"Henry Senter," said the Indian.

Vallon opened his eyes at this.

"Lomruge," said he, "tell me your story from the time I was separated from you. Don't leave anything out—and here's a couple of dollars for you."

Solemn Water turned his eyes upon the money just long enough for them to twinkle once upon the prize, and then contemptuously pocketing it, he related his adventures. They made the following story:

When he had escaped from the Spaniards, and left Vallon in their hands, he struck across the country to the Santa Fé River, where he joined a hunting party of Seminoles. They had quite fair luck, and he, having some money, bought all the skins he could carry, and took them over to the mouth of Suwanee River, where there was a camp of white hunters, to whom he sold his peltry. While in this camp he showed the paper that Vallon had given him to one of the men of the party. The hunter read it, and on seeing the name of Anna Seabright, immediately told the Indian that he knew where the father of Anna Seabright, the only person of that name in St. Marks, was now to be found. He was in Mobile, where the hunter had left him a short time since. The man told the Indian that he had no idea what the paper or the tin box was worth to any one, but he advised him to take it to Mobile and give it to Henry Senter, the father of the person whose name was on the paper. As a further inducement he offered him a passage in his vessel, which was about returning with its freight of peltry to Mobile; and on the voyage he kept him in healthful occupation by allowing him to assist in the partial curing and packing of the skins, which the weather made necessary. When he reached Mobile the Indian easily found Mr. Senter, and gave him the paper.

"For how much?" asked Vallon.

The Indian looked at him with his quick black eyes. "Ten dollars," said he.

"He must have thought it worth something," mused Vallon, and then he said: "And how are you going to get back again?"

"I shall wait for my white brother of the hunt," said he, "and I will go back in his big canoe."

"But there will be no skins to clean and cure this time," said Vallon, "and he will not take you for nothing."

The Indian made no reply to this, but stood gazing fixedly on the ground, and as Vallon seemed suddenly to fall into a reflective mood, the Indian soon walked silently away.

The young Frenchman now slowly returned to the tavern. His mind was disquieted by the story of the Indian. And yet, why should it be? Who on earth was more properly entitled to look for these deeds than the husband and stepfather of those who owned them? Well, at all events, he would trouble himself no more about the matter. If the Senter did not choose to look for the box, now that they knew all about it, it was none of his business. He would settle himself down in Mobile and make money.

When he reached the tavern the servant whom he had sent with the letter gave it back to him. Mr. Henry Senter was not in Mobile. He had gone to New Orleans a week ago.

This was annoying. Vallon had promised Mrs. Senter to deliver this letter to her husband, and she had supplied him with money for that purpose. Was he not bound to follow the man up?

"Confound the letter!" he thought. "If it was but in the owner's possession I would wash my hands of the Senter family in that instant."

He thought over the vexatious matter the whole evening, and he went to bed thinking of it. But he finally came to the conclusion that he could not go to New Orleans. In the first place, he had not money sufficient for a trip to that place, and, if he could reach it, how was he to know that Senter would not then be on his way up the Mississippi, or across the Gulf? He had brought the letter here, and had so far fulfilled his trust. He would now use every means to forward it to Senter, provided he could discover his address; and would, by the first opportunity, inform Mrs. Senter of the state of affairs. Having come to these conclusions, he went to sleep.

On a bright morning of a Southern Winter, seven months after this, Charles Vallon awoke. It must not be understood that he had slept all this time—by no means. He had been more profitably employed than during any previous seven months of his life. Well educated, of a pleasant address, and making rapid progress in the English language, he had procured a situation as entry clerk in a mercantile house, and already had fair prospects of advancement.

He had taken lodgings with a pleasant French family, and began to see the beginning of a traveling fund.

He had long ago called at the house where Mr. Senter's letter was to have been left, but his relatives—very distant ones their manner seemed to prove them—knew nothing about the planter excepting that he had gone to New Orleans, or, at least, had started for that city. So Vallon had the letter still in his possession. He had sent an account of his proceedings and ill success to Mrs. Senter, but had received no answer.

After breakfast, on this charming Winter morning, Vallon was leaving the house for his place of business, when Mademoiselle Lisette, the more than pretty daughter of his hostess, came running up to him. In her hand she held a pair of little boots—such as our grandmothers wore, and our granddaughters wear.

"Oh, Monsieur Vallon!" she cried; "see my boots for the masquerade! Will they not accord charmingly with my costume? They were the boots of my mother. She brought them from dear Paris. But the heels! see, monsieur, the beautiful red is almost gone. What can I do with them?"

"Will they fit you, Mademoiselle Lisette?" said Vallon, with a smile. "Such little boots!"

"Oh, monsieur!" said she, with a charming little shrug. "For example!"

"But these heels," said Vallon, "they might surely be made as red as ever. I will take them with me to the warehouse, if you like, mademoiselle, and I have no doubt I shall find some pigment there that will make them like new heels."

So saying, he slipped them in his wide coat-pockets.

"And I can wear them by to-morrow night? Oh, monsieur, I thank you!" said Lisette; and she seemed perfectly willing to stand there by the door and say a great deal more, but Monsieur Vallon was in such a hurry! He was always in a hurry, it seemed to her.

There are some people who, if they have a particular friend that they are desirous of meeting, will invariably turn down A Street at the very moment that that friend is coming up B Street; or if said friend happens to drop in at a shop or a house, these unfortunate people will be sure to stop at the same place a few minutes after he has left. Without having the traits of the celebrated "No Eyes" they have just about as much success in the observation line, and have, besides, the additional discomfort of knowing that they do not deserve their fate.

But Vallon was not one of this kind. Had he

been, he would have turned out of Conti Street into Joachim, or St. Joseph's, which were either of them quite as convenient for him as Conception Street. But down the latter he turned, and had walked but a few hundred feet when something fell with a bang on the sidewalk in front of him.

He stopped and picked it up.

It was an old reading-book, and he recognized it in a moment. He had read the most of its quaint old tales under the trees at St. Marks.

He looked up at the house, in front of which he stood, and there, at a window, was Anna Seabright. She burst into a loud laugh.

"I was just wondering," she said, "who I could give that old book to. And you came at that very minute. You are the very person to have it. You used to like it so much."

Vallon looked up at the house without appearing to notice these remarks.

"Do you live here?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I live here," said Anna. "Didn't you know that?"

"Is your mother here also?"

"She lives here, too," said Anna.

"Can I see her?" inquired Vallon.

"If you will come in you can," said Miss Seabright, drawing her head in at the window. In a few moments she appeared at the door, and ushered Vallon into a prettily furnished sitting-room on the first floor. There she left him, and her mother soon made her appearance.

"I thought you were in France, sir!" said Mrs. Senter, as she coldly extended him her hand.

"But I have not yet been able to return there," said Vallon. "And you—it is a surprise to see you in Mobile."

"We have been living here for a month," said the lady. "I wrote to you a long time ago, in answer to your communication, which reached me after many delays. Did you receive my letter?"

"I never saw it," said Vallon.

"And have you ever delivered the letter to Mr. Senter?"

"I have heard nothing from him. I have the letter still, and will return it to you. Believe me, I have tried every means to discover his address, that I might send it to him."

"I have no doubt of it," said Mrs. Senter. "I am much obliged." And then they talked of Vallon's welfare and prospects.

Quite soon Anna appeared, attired for a walk, and carrying a couple of books in her hand.

"I am going to school now, mother, and I will bid you also good-by, Mr. Reading-scholar," and with a kiss for her mother and a hand for Mr. Vallon, the merry little thing skipped away.

"She has advantages here, I presume," said Vallon, "that she could not have at St. Marks. Do you intend returning there in the Summer?"

"I shall never return there," said Mrs. Senter, looking out of the window. Then, after a pause, she said: "You may as well know, sir, that after Mr. Senter's departure his affairs were found to be in the greatest disorder, and the creditors soon pressed their claims in such a manner as to make it necessary to sell the plantation. Out of everything, I only saved enough to support myself and daughter in an economical manner. We occupy but part of this house, and are obliged to be prudent. The estate is not settled yet, and when it is, I shall probably go home to my friends in Charleston. And this brings me to speak to you of that tin box which has so often been referred to. If you will give me a full written description of the place where you concealed it, I will send it to one of my family—a lawyer—in Charleston. He knows a great deal about the affairs of the late Mr. Seabright, and if he thinks the matter worth investigating, he will send an agent to search for it. If the papers are of value at all, they will be of service at this time."

"Madame," said Vallon, "you may remember that, for the greater safety of the box, I intrusted a description of its location to an Indian, who was afterwards separated from me when I was taken prisoner. This Indian has given the paper to one who is, perhaps, the most suitable person to attend to the recovery of the box."

"And who is that?" said the lady, quickly.

"Mr. Senter," said Vallon.

"Mr.—Senter?" said she. "Of all persons in the world—to give it to him!"

"And why, madame?" said the astonished Vallon.

"That affair of his may all blow over. It has probably already done so. And when your husband returns to you—"

"He will not return," said Mrs. Senter, turning her face again to the window. "We have parted for ever."

Vallon arose, stood undecided for a moment, and then said, bitterly:

"Madame, I have been of injury to you ever since I have known you. Intending to do the best, I have done the worst that I could do. But if I can—if man can—I will undo some of it. I bid you good-day, madame;" and he stepped to the door.

"Monsieur Vallon!" cried the lady, "remain a moment. Will you tell me this? You intend to go after that box, do you not?"

"I do, madame," said Vallon.

"Well, sir, let me say to you—if you would really serve me—if you would—" And then, with her eyes on the carpet, and her face clouded with embarrassment and anxiety, she said in English: "If I could but speak to him as a friend."

"And why not?" cried Vallon, passionately. "Do you believe that I am not worthy to be so addressed?—that I am purposely your enemy?"

"Mr. Vallon," said she, quietly. "I did not know you understood English. You remember, we have always conversed in French. You are not my enemy at all, and I will speak to you as a friend."

"And I, madame," said Vallon, "will act as one."

"I hope you may," said Mrs. Senter, and with a little hesitancy she continued: "You ought to know, sir, why Mr. Senter made that assault upon you; why I met with my mishap; why everything happened that did happen. It was because Mr. Senter conceived a jealousy of you. I blush to speak of such things, but it was the sole cause of those terrible events. You had a secret with me, and I would not reveal it to Mr. Senter; for, even then I knew that he had been dealing unfairly with my daughter's property, and I determined that whatever this might be, he should know nothing of it. Now, sir, can you not understand why, with this well-known reason for Mr. Senter's conduct, I should be anxious to give no further basis for idle and malicious talk? This is why, sir, I sent you with the letter to this city. I might have forwarded it by the vessel on which you sailed, but I did not wish you to remain in St. Marks. I understood, too, that you desired to leave the place, and, with the precautions I had taken, I knew you would run no further danger. Had Mr. Senter read my letter, he would have not dared to have met you."

Vallon looked up from the floor on which his eyes had been steadfastly fixed for the last minute or two, but he said nothing.

"And now, sir," continued Mrs. Senter, "you see why I do not wish you to undertake the recovery of the box—why, above all things, I would not have you engaged in the affair in opposition to Mr. Senter. I believe that you would be a good friend

to me, but Fortune has decreed that you cannot be."

"Fortune is hard," said Vallon. "She may not decree me to act as your friend, but I shall be one all the same. My eyes are open; and, if I can—Do not start—I will do nothing rash—nothing you will regret. But I shall not forget what reparation I owe you. Adieu. I may not come and see you, but I will write to you before I act."

"Mr. Vallon," said the lady, with a smile, "you may come and see me whenever you think it proper. I trust entirely in you." And she gave him her hand, not so coldly this time.

After he had been at his desk about an hour, Charles Vallon remembered Lisette's boots. If they were not painted soon, they would not dry in time for the fête, to-morrow night. He hastily pulled one from his right-hand pocket, but the other—where was it? Not in that pocket, or any other, for he searched well. And a lady's boot is not easily lost in one's pocket. It will not mix up with small change, toothpicks and keys, as ladies' rings and ladies' hair are apt to do.

He had lost that boot!

That beautiful boot of her mother! that boot from the dear Paris!

Where could he have lost it? If in the street, it was gone for ever. If in a house—ah! there was but one house where it could have been lost.

Snatching his hat, Vallon hurried away to the house in Conception Street.

He was readmitted by a negro woman, and in the sitting-room he found Mrs. Senter, sewing ruffles.

"I am glad you have reconsidered your resolution about never coming to see me," said she, with a smile.

"Ah, madame," said Vallon, a trifle embarrassed, "you must pardon me—"

"Oh, don't mention it!" she said. "You must certainly have been uneasy about our healths. It has been more than half an hour—"

"Madame," said Vallon, "you amuse yourself with me. Believe me, I would not have again intruded on you had it not been—"

"I know," she said, laughing. "It is this," and she held up the missing boot.

Ah! one can see now where little Anna got her laughing eyes and her roguish manner!

He did not immediately take the boot.

"Don't you want it?" said she.

"Certainly, madame. It is one of a pair that for a young person at my lodgings I shall redder the heels. I dropped it here."

"Yes," said Mrs. Senter, resuming her ruffling, and a graver mood, "I found it soon after you left; and now sit down for one moment, and let me say something to you," and she leaned towards him.

"Ever since I saw it," she said, "I have been thinking of you—and it, and I have thought this: You spoke of acting for my interests and those of Anna; and I have no doubt that you have some good plan. But I beg of you to think no more about it, but just to give me the instructions about the tin box, and I will see that something is done. You do not know how wise I am—how well I understand human nature, especially our hot Southern nature. You may not think it now, but I very much fear that some time you may regret having concerned yourself in our affair, especially as it ought to be kept a secret; and for this reason especially, let me beg of you, my dear sir, to do nothing for us that might interfere with your interests elsewhere."

"Madame," said Vallon, rising, "I have no interests elsewhere."

And he bowed, and departed.

CHAPTER VI.—THE COTTONWOOD AND THE LEMON-TREE.

THE masquerade was very delightful. Lisette danced off nearly all the red paint from her heels; and, tired enough, Charles Vallon took her home to her mother, when the gray dawn was just beginning to light up the beautiful bay. Monsieur Vallon had but little sleep that morning; and it is not surprising that when, in the evening, he sat down in a coffee-room, after a hard day's work, he fell asleep over his cup and his pipe. At the table next above him sat another customer, and he, too, was fast asleep; but, after a half-hour's slumber, he was awakened, and politely shown the door by the waiter.

"They do not sleep here," said the prudent gargon.

Vallon slept on, and was not disturbed. But, then, he was a regular customer. He took his coffee there every night, and it was easy to see that monsieur was fatigued. He was never drowsy with wine.

At the table behind Monsieur Vallon sat two men, and they were not put out; but they did not go to sleep at all; they were talking too much for that.

Said one: "So you did not like New Orleans?"

"I liked it well enough," replied his companion; "but what was I to do there? Money is needed to enjoy that Frenchified place."

"And it is needed in Mobile, too, I should say."

"But I don't intend to remain in Mobile, you know."

"I didn't know. Where are you going?"

"I hardly know myself. Ned. Balfour sails to-morrow for St. Augustine and Havana, and I shall go on with him; but where I leave the vessel I can't tell."

"Why don't you come to us? You couldn't find a better place for a man of your tastes than Charleston. We are recovering from the effects of the great fire, and the city is spreading out in a lively way."

"Spreading itself, is it? By-the-way, is property improving along the Cooper River?"

"It certainly is," said Ned. "Wharves and buildings are getting plentiful along there. And that always touches a sore point in me, for I once made a fool of myself about Cooper River property."

"How was that?" said the other.

"Ten years ago old William Seabright wanted to sell me eight acres on the river, just in the suburbs, and although he offered them to me as cheap as dirt—you know he was hard up then—I would not have them because there was something wrong about the title—I forgot what. I ought to have run the risk for such property at such a price. Now I see what a fool I was."

"Just so," said the other, with his head between his hands and elbows on the table. "Do you know anything about old William Anderson, the attorney?"

"He went to Florida—St. Augustine."

"Yes, I know that; but has he returned to Charleston?"

"I don't think he had when I left. I never heard of his return. But I must go now; glad I met you; and, look here, old boy, I think, from the interest you take in the place, Charleston is the very spot for you. You had better come over in the Spring."

"Well, perhaps I may, Ned. Good-by."

Ned gone, his friend remained sitting at the table; his head still resting on his hands. Presently he raised himself and took a paper from his pocket—a paper folded small and tightly, on which was written several lines in French. He was not a French scholar, but he managed, by various means,

to make out every word which this paper contained. He spread it out before him, and read it in a low murmur. Then thought he:

"There is no doubt of it. Who could send such papers or parchments but Anderson; and what could they be but the deeds of the Cooper River property? I thought the Seabrights had settled that business. I know she wrote to Anderson about the deeds. But I suppose, now, that they were never sent. Well, I shall not neglect the business. If that Indian has not been a dirty traitor, I may come out all right. Once in my hands, I shall know how to use them."

And the noble denunciator of vile treason arose and approached the door of the *café*. As he passed Vallon, he slightly stumbled against the sleeper's outstretched foot.

The Frenchman started, and opened his eyes. "Your pardon, sir," said Mr. Senter, with a bow. "N'importe, monsieur," said Vallon, rubbing his eyes.

With another pleasant bow to the gentleman he had attempted to murder, Henry Senter passed into the street; while Vallon, inwardly thankful to that courtly person for having awakened him, rose, paid his little bill and went home.

It is doubtful if Lisette was the guardian-angel of Monsieur Charles. If she had not danced with him a great part of the preceding night, it is not probable that he would have slept soundly while such an interesting conversation was going on behind his back.

But let us take the other side of the case. If she had not danced with him so steadily, would he not have awakened and have made himself known to Senter, and then—what then?

So, perhaps, she might have been his angel. Who knows?

Slowly, as it generally does, but far more delightfully than we Northerners can well imagine, Winter melted into Spring, and Spring expanded into Summer. Nature tried hard, during this season of mild transition, to believe that here, as in so many other quarters of the globe, she was passing from a state of stern privation into one of rich abundance of all things joyful. But the effort failed. It always does, down there. Even in the Summer of fulfillment one is apt to long for the Winter of promise—one gets so much when all is given.

But the world of trees and flowers seemed to like the richness of the Summer. Although they did not experience all of the wonderful changes common to their sisters of the North—although in many cases they had no new clothes at all this year, but merely turned their old ones, still they were bright, luxuriant and full of tropic life.

The alligators on the St. Johns—they liked the Summer, as they lay on their muddy beds and slept, and grunted, and nursed their aspirations. Aspirations for the ducks; the lovely, soft, delicious ducks that traveled backward and forward all day in the air over the river. Some time or other one of them might make a mistake with its wing, and slip and fall.

And then—! Oh, rapturous thought! But never a duck made a slip with its wing. Oh, foolish alligators! Oh, folly of aspirations!

And the cottonwood-tree liked the warmth and the soft mists of the Summer, and it straightened itself up and reached its branches higher and higher into the air. The lemon-tree, too, that grew by its side, it drooped its branches lower, and stretched them out wider and raised them up higher, and lovingly clasped the trunk of the cottonwood, as a child would clasp the knees of its tall young brother.

On one of these Summer days there came across that narrow strip of lowland which separates the St. Johns River from the Atlantic Ocean a party of four horsemen. They rode well, and although they had started from St. Augustine that morning, they were now near to the river, and it was but little after noon. He who rode first was Henry Senter, and with him were a Spaniard, a negro and an Indian, and the Indian was the good Lomrue, or Solemn Water. A trader by nature, this enterprising individual had returned to St. Augustine—his ordinary headquarters—by the first opportunity, and was easily persuaded by Senter, who made inquiries for him immediately upon his arrival, to accompany this little expedition as its guide.

The horsemen had not taken the route over which Vallon had passed a year and a half before. They had pressed more to the north, that they might strike the river where an Indian camp had lately been established, and where they might procure a canoe; for his Indian aid had informed Senter that it would be much easier to find the place where the box had been buried from the water than from the land. This plan seemed to suit Senter's views exactly, and after they had reached the camp, and had had their noonday meal, he made immediate demands for a canoe. When all was ready, Solemn Water prepared to accompany him; but to his surprise (for Indians can be surprised) Senter forbade it.

"No," said he to the Indian, "I will go alone. I know exactly where the tree ought to be, and I will find out for myself whether this is a trick you have been trying to play on me."

And to himself he said:

"How do I know what may be in the box besides papers and parchments? I want no witnesses with me."

Solemn Water made no reply, but majestically moved back into the camp.

Senter was a good paddler, and he sent the canoe skimming over the tranquil waters of the St. Johns. He knew that he would not have to proceed more than a mile up the river before he would come to the place where the marked cottonwood-tree ought to be. He had made the most particular inquiries of the Indian, and was convinced that if any one could find the spot he could.

He paddled near the eastern shore, and now went slowly, picking out with his eye every cottonwood-tree which grew near the bank. The one of which he was in search should be so conspicuous—so the Indian had said—that he could not fail to distinguish it, even if the moccasin had fallen from it, or the beads had lost their color. But as Solemn Water had seen the Frenchman drive his knife deep into the young wood of the tree, and as the red beads were of the bright glass which mists or rain could never discolor, he had not thought either of these contingencies probable.

Senter paddled until he was sure he must have passed the place, and yet no cottonwood, standing alone and prominent by the river-bank, decked off by a brilliant budge, met his eye.

And still further and further he paddled, and slower was his motion, and keener his search.

As he passed it, the cottonwood waved its branches over his head, and the lemon-tree clung closer to her tall young friend, and wrapped her green and lovely arms around his trunk—moccasin, hunting-knife and all.

For an hour he paddled slowly up the river, and then he paddled slowly back.

Then he rested a little while. "The deuce take the fools!" said he. "A cottonwood-tree and a moccasin! Can a man dig under a whole forest? And how long would a moccasin

and a knife stay on a tree when thievish Indians are prowling around? Camped there but a day or two? They may have camped there the day after the thing was stuck up! But they would not know that the moccasin meant dig; and to-morrow that red rascal shall come here, point out the tree, or suffer for it. The Frenchman has not been seen in these parts, and if the box is gone, the Indian is the thief."

Swiftly now, and with a nervous energy in his strokes, which betokens in a man like Senter, exasperation rather than any better quality, he sent the canoe glancing down the river. Suddenly rounding a little point of reeds, he came upon an alligator, who had waked from his dreams of rapture so late that he was just disappearing into the water when the canoe was upon him. Ha! ha! with what delight that angry man strikes the black monster with his paddle, as it glides into the depths by his side. The blow does not seem to hurt the brute, but it seems to greatly please the man.

Then, as if a little of his pent-up rage had been spent, he paddles more slowly to the Indian camp.

Getting the canoe up on the beach, Senter walked up to a great pine-tree, against which he saw Solemn Water gravely reclining.

"Look here, you rascal!" said he to the Indian, "come over here with me. I have something to say to you."

The Indian rose, and together they walked into the thick wood on the right of the camp.

In about a quarter of an hour Solemn Water returned alone.

"Where is our white brother?" asked an Indian maiden, in dirty leggings.

"My white brother was a fool, and he is dead," said Solemn Water, as he calmly walked into the centre of the encampment.

Very soon after this the Spaniard slipped into the thick woods into which Senter had gone with the Indian, and in a few minutes he came quickly back again. In a very few minutes more he and the negro were galloping like mad towards St. Augustine.

Before nightfall that encampment had entirely disappeared, and it was quite light, when silently and swiftly Solemn Water paddled his canoe up the St. Johns.

When he reached the neighborhood of the cottonwood-tree, he paddled slowly.

"The fool was right," he grunted; "the moccasin is gone!"

It so happened that the very first alligator which that night roamed through the woods to the right of the late Indian encampment on the river-bank was the fellow who had been struck in the back in the afternoon.

Now, was this a piece of special justice, or was it the same blind luck that might have befallen any of his friends or relations?

Nobody knows.

At any rate, the alligator had not the slightest idea on the subject.

It was three months after the death of her husband, when Mrs. Senter heard of it, by a vessel from St. Marks. The news had come there from St. Augustine.

But, though he had died in the flesh only three months before, he had long been dead to her. She never told the story of her life with Henry Senter. It had been well if there had been no such story to tell.

(To be continued.)

TORPEDO PRACTICE AT KEY WEST.

THE result of the torpedo practice in Florida Bay, on Wednesday, February 25th, was considered successful. It was the first real exhibition of the new torpedo system. The typical object to be destroyed was a raft made of barrels lashed together; and as each vessel came alongside, she was to thrust her torpedo under the raft and destroy it, if possible. The *Wabash* had three torpedoes lashed to her swinging-boom, and at the proper time they exploded, throwing a tremendous column of water into the air and upsetting the raft. The *Colorado* did the most execution. During the practice the rigging of the vessels was crowded with sailors. Our illustration represents the explosion of the *Colorado's* torpedoes. A general idea of the mechanical apparatus with which the torpedoes are worked is given in the diagram. A swinging-boom is fastened to the ship's side, supplemented by a spar, to which the torpedo is fastened. The torpedoes are of cast-iron, weighing 100 pounds each, and they are connected with the batteries on shipboard by electric wires running along the spars and booms. The boom can be readily moved in any position under the water, under a ship, or on its deck. When the torpedo is in the desired place, a slight pressure on the key of the battery explodes the torpedo with terrible power.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A VISIT TO THE POET-LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (says the *Scandinavian Review*) gives the following account of a visit he recently made to Alfred Tennyson:

That was a melancholy meeting between me and the great English poet, in his quiet, unpretending home on the Isle of Wight. Fifteen years before, I had visited Alfred Tennyson in company with Charles Dickens. Then we were in the best of humor—Dickens's sparkling wit carrying away with it, not only poor me, who have always had a weakness for humor, but even the grave Tennyson, who looks as if it cost him a labor to smile.

At that time Tennyson was a fine-looking man, with black hair and beard, and his face was scarcely furrowed. I thought that I had greatly changed in those fifteen years; but Tennyson had evidently grown older much faster.

As we shook hands we looked in each other's eyes, and his filled with tears. Why, I don't know exactly; I suppose it was a tribute paid to the memory of Charles Dickens.

Indeed, the words he uttered were these: "Ah, this time you come alone, Mr. Andersen. Do you remember the theatrical performance at Gad-hill?"

"Why should I not? The play was 'London Assurance,' and the leading part was given by Charles Dickens."

That was in 1858, and in the audience were Alfred Tennyson, Charles Reade, Goethe, Delane, and others, whose names have since become famous.

"What a time we had!" exclaimed Tennyson.

"Yes," I replied; "and do you remember getting us out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, so that we might go with you to the Isle of Wight?"

Of course he did, and he made me walk with him through the garden, as he had done fifteen years before.

There was the tablet to the memory of young Hallam. It looked somewhat dimmer in 1858, but

it had been surrounded in the most æsthetic manner with the finest growth of ivy.

"Ivy seems to be your favorite plant," I said to Tennyson.

"To tell the truth, it is," he replied. "Ivy needs no nursing. It knows neither cold nor heat. It is the plant of immortality."

"But what about laurel?" I rejoined.

"Laurel-wreaths," he said, playfully, "look well enough in pictures; but in reality they wither too soon."

This was a golden saying. How many writers have I seen wreathed in laurel, and how soon the laurel became dry and withered!

We returned to Tennyson's library. He showed me the manuscript of his first volume of poems. I opened the first page—"Where Claribel low lieth."

To me there is in this quiet little poem something indescribably charming. The small country graveyard is described in a few lines, with such consummate ability that you actually believe yourself to be there; and that, while you inhale the fragrant breeze fanned by the branches of the tree, you seem to hear, as if coming from far away, that "ancient melody" which will be sure to vibrate in your heart when you read "Claribel," provided you have a poetical vein in your bosom.

"Tell me about dear Scandinavia," said Tennyson to me.

"When I left the Sound," I replied, laughing, "it was raining, and the Kattegat was lashed into a fury."

"Now," he rejoined, "that Kattegat of yours is horribly destructive of shipping-craft, but I take it to be the most interesting sea in Europe. Old Kaneguy, the man-eating giant, was buried in it, right off the shores of Jutland. Kattegat, the young hero, overpowered him; but, when he himself died of a broken heart, on account of fair Sigrid's faithlessness, he swore he would never be at rest until the whole of Jutland was buried in the blue waters of the sea; and so his spirit storms and raves almost incessantly, giving the sea-painters sublime subjects, travelers the sea-sickness, and marine insurers the headache."

The transition from the weird and sublime to the laughable was so sudden and unexpected, that we both burst into hearty merriment. But this is the peculiarity of Tennyson's genius, that he will suddenly contrast the grandest flights of his imagination with something droll and ludicrous, which will startle you at first, but ultimately fill you with all the more admiration for him.

He asked me about my last writings. I pointed to my eyes, and exclaimed:

"How can I be expected to do much, when my lights threaten every moment to go out?"

Tennyson suggested an amanuensis.

"No, no," I replied. "I cannot dictate original matter. I am at a loss to account for the faculty of some writers to do so. M. Thiers told me the other day that he dictated the whole of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' I was amazed at this. I, for one, must be alone when I write. The presence of a secretary would disturb me. Did you ever dictate any of your works to a secretary?"

"No, no," he replied, eagerly. "I think like you. Original composition through another person seems to me impossible. All the copy I ever sent to the printer was written with my own hand."

When I left him, he said to me: "My old friend, both of us are past the meridian of life; but I believe there is still a great deal of work in us. You have eclipsed the splendid imagery of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

I interrupted with a deprecating gesture, saying:

"And you have verified what Macanlay wrote about your splendid language, that 'English in the right hands can sound as melodious as the tongues of Italy or Spain.'"

"We part, then, with compliments," said Tennyson. "It is good that both of us are sincere."

I am sure I was.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

LONDON has forty-two choral societies.

DION BOCCICAUT opened at Booth's on the 26th of March.

THE Jubilee Singers have been singing in Connecticut recently.

EDWIN BOOTH's wife has been playing to large houses in Brooklyn.

THE celebrated Martini family replace Fox at the Grand Opera House in New York.

MADAME SCHILLER's piano concerts in Boston are largely attended. She is a fine artist.

It is said that Tony Pastor wishes to buy Niblo's Garden, and turn it into an Alhambra.

RICHARD WAGNER is said to be making preparations for a grand concert in Vienna this season.

WAGNER will accept the proposition of the Khédive to write an opera for Cairo, on an Egyptian subject.

SIGNOR TORRIANI has returned from Havana to his position in the New York Conservatory of Music.

The second opera season of the Winter is drawing to a close, and the great artists are soon to go to Europe.

GOUNOD's "Stabat Mater" has been sung at St. Ann's Church, in New York, by M. Louis Dachauer's choir, recently.

Mlle. AIMEE's engagement at the Lyceum Theatre New York, is to last two weeks. Mlle. Aimee then goes to California.

A NEW drama, on local subjects, by Charles Gaylor, is mentioned as among the forthcoming attractions at Booth's Theatre.

"LED ANTRAY" is being presented in Cincinnati by a troupe that has Lingard there as long as the people desire, if not longer.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS has organized a parlor opera troupe of six members to appear before lyceums, etc. Signor Ferranti is a member.

A WESTERN paper announces the coming of a star actor who will show "our benighted citizens how Shakespeare ought to be sung."

MR. SOTHERN heard that the London Theatrical Fund was \$1,395 short, at the end of the year, and promptly sent his check for the whole.

It costs \$1,500 a night for an opera-singer to disappoint an audience in Havana. Poor place for a strictly temperate artist to get suddenly indisposed.

MADAME GUYMARD has been re-engaged for three years for the Grand Opera at Paris, at the rate of \$11,000 a year. She has for eighteen years been a favorite with the Parisian public.

THE artists engaged for the forthcoming London opera season are Nilsson, Titiens, Trebelli, Bettini, Lodi, Singalee, prime donne, Paladini (tenor), Behrens (basso), Campanini, Fancelli, St. Alba and Rizzarelli. The only novelty announced by Gye is Mlle. Marimon.

THE New York Vocal Society purposes giving a concert on the 30th of April. Besides the customary variety of madrigals, glees and part-songs, the programme is to embrace selections from Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," Gade's "The Erl-King's Daughter," and other choral works.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CHARLES SUMNER was in the Senate twenty-three years.

BAYARD TAYLOR had his pocket picked in Hamburg the other day.

QUEEN VICTORIA has nine children and twenty-one grandchildren.

WILKIE COLLINS has his life insured in an American company for \$10,000.

SENATOR SUMNER said that Carl Schurz's last speech was the speech of his life.

SECRETARY BELKNAP denies that he has given his wife \$10,000 worth of diamonds.

ROCHEFORT proposes when he gets his pardon to come to America and start a daily paper.

CAPTAIN LOTT, of the steamer *Scotia*, has crossed the Atlantic four hundred and fifty times.

A. D. BECKMER, the artist, is in New York, painting an order for a gentleman of this city.

It is said that Mr. Forster's book contains some interesting incidental remarks about Dickens.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says Schurz has "a voice like the wind sighing through sugar-cane."

THE Rev. Canon Charles Kingsley will spend the Summer in Colorado Springs, at the foot of Pike's Peak.

HENRY W. RAYMOND, son of the founder of the *New York Times*, is law reporter on the Brooklyn Union.

THE Chicago *Post and Mail* heads an article, "Our Blatherskites." It is a report of Common Council proceedings.

GEORGE W. CHILDS claims to be the richest editor in the country, and to have money enough to back his assertion.

SIMMONS, the new Collector of the Port of Boston, declined an ovation from his fellow-citizens, which is suspicious.

TILTON says that Vinnie Ream is the prettiest of all sculptors, and another adds that she is as artless as she is beautiful.

A NEW YORK physician offers a silk lined, silver-handled burial casket to every family that will agree to employ him for a year.

AFTER an illness of eighteen months, Hans Christian Andersen has recovered sufficiently to resume his literary labors in Southern Europe.

THE German Premier is called Rabbi Bismarck now, because he showed the Jews of Prussia how to vote on Saturday without desecrating their Sabbath.

SPEAKING of Mr. Bradlaugh, the *Christian Union* says it can conceive a future for England in which he may play the part of a Patrick Henry or a Mirabeau.

THE latest revelation of the Washington lady correspondent is that Nellie Grant's marriage with a baronet was predicted some years since by an amateur fortune-teller.

THE Pope is gathering all the sacred relics in from the various monasteries and nunneries where they have reposed from time immemorial, and placing them in the Vatican.

It is stated that a woman in Naugatuck who died from intoxication was not allowed burial in consecrated ground; but nothing is said of the men who went there from the same cause to be buried.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON said he never took up a paper without finding something which he should have considered it a loss not to have seen. Ben. Butler, however, counts reading them a dead loss of time.

BEN. BUTLER has a capacious mansion at Lowell, an elegant Summer "box" and a sumptuous yacht at Gloucester, a magnificent Winter establishment at Washington, with splendid carriages and horses, and colored servants in profusion.

A KENTUCKY paper says that Governor Leslie is the best Governor Kentucky ever had; that the people find that hard, honest sense is of far greater value to the State than any mental juncrackery of astronomical statesmanship.

EX-GOVERNOR FOOTE, of Mississippi, who once offered \$10,000 for an abolitionist's scalp, and prophesied that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument, dined with Wendell Phillips the other day, and the meeting was exceedingly friendly.

THE Hon. J. L. Pennington, the present Governor of Dakota, was an apprentice-boy in the old Raleigh Star office thirty-three years ago. Ex-Governor Holden was foreman in the office at the time. And ex-President Andrew Johnson was a journeyman tailor in the same town.

MISS CLARA E. PLIMPTON, of Boston, received a diploma at the Commencement of the Ophthalmic Hospital in New York City, and the President said that she was the only woman that received a diploma from that hospital, and the only one in the United States who possessed a diploma for their specialities.

THE French writer, Jules Verne, in his last book, makes a railway train—on its way to California—stop while two men fight a duel; and this same train, when it is discovered that a railway bridge has been carried away, merely backs a few miles, and, putting on a full head of steam, leaps the chasm.

ANNA DICKINSON lectured on the Social Evil question in St. Louis, whereupon the mayor and some of the clergymen were highly incensed. Then before leaving the city she made another speech on the same subject, which undoubtedly was the finest effort of her life. A minister who did not agree with his timid brethren presided.

SIDNEY HOWARD GAY, who, in conjunction with William C. Bryant, is engaged on a popular History of the United States, is about to retire from the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*, where he will be succeeded by Albert G. Browne, of Boston, formerly secretary to Governor Andrew. Mr. Gay was at one time managing editor of the *New York Tribune*.

WHEN George William Curtis was in London he went into a tailor-shop one day, and innocently supposing himself to be sufficiently cosmopolitan not to betray his nationality in person or voice, he asked to look at material for vests, and was amazed at the response of the proprietor, who called out, "Arry, show the Hamerican gentleman the dowerly weskets."

WORTH, the man milliner of Paris, is a native of Lincolnshire, England. His father was a lawyer, but became reduced, and his children had to shift for themselves. Charles Frederick went to Paris and learned to make dresses. He married one of the young women of the establishment, and together they have gradually developed the most celebrated toilet manufactory in the world. They employ 1,000 work-people.

M. MICHELET was buried at Hyères. He had a "civil" funeral—that is to say, no clergyman was present. M. Long, mayor of the town, received the body on its arrival at the cemetery. M. Allegre, Mayor of Toulon, then deposited on the coffin a crown of immortelles, saying, as he did so, to M. Michelet's widow: "Madame, I place this crown on the coffin of a man who was the most complete expression of our national genius." Three other crowns were presented by some of his literary friends.

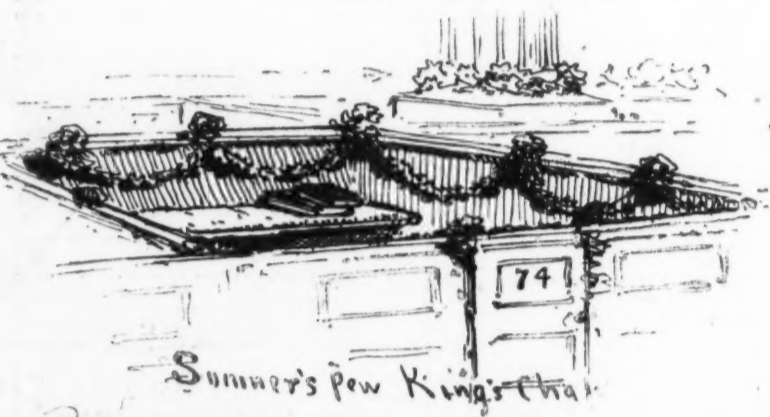


Waiting for the Procession

Decorated niche in Doric Hall

EQUAL RIGHTS
TO
ALL

Guarding the Remains in the State House



Sumner's Pew King's Chair



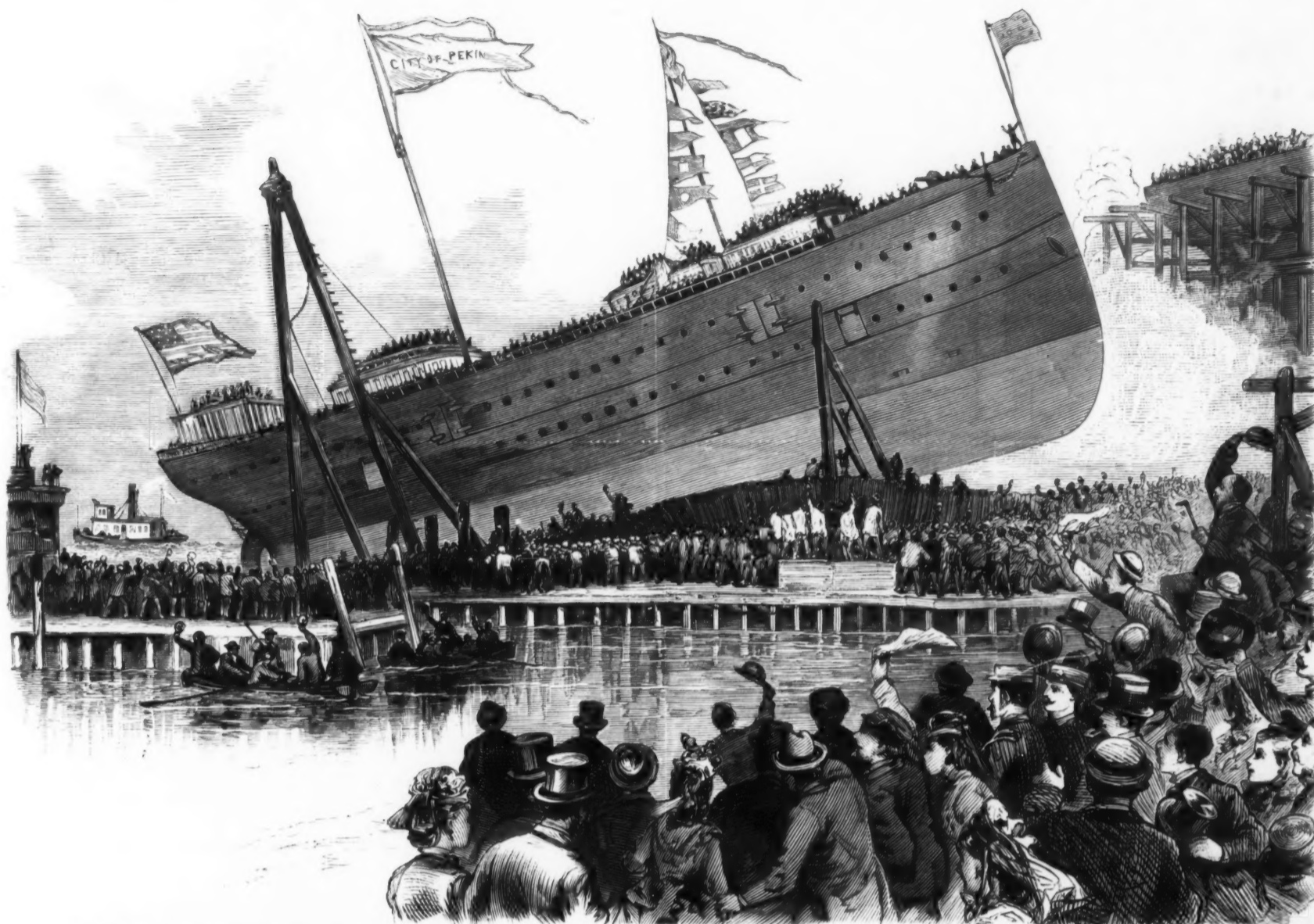
A Veteran of Many Processions



Scene in the Cemetery Ladies placing flowers on the Coffin



The Procession entering the Cemetery



LAUNCH OF THE NEW AMERICAN STEAMSHIP "CITY OF PEKING," OF THE PACIFIC MAIL LINE, FROM THE ROACH SHIPYARDS, CHESTER, PA., MARCH 18TH.—SKETCHED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

LAUNCHING OF A GREAT STEAMSHIP.

THE launching of the steamer *Peking*, at Chester, Pa., on March 18th, was a notable event in the history of American shipbuilding. She was constructed for the Pacific Mail Company by the well-known ship architect, Mr. John Roach, of New York City. Special trains were sent out from New York, Philadelphia and Washington. Among the visitors were Senators Cameron, Ramsay, Norwood, Howe, Bogy and ex-Senator Cattell; Congressmen Sawyer, Barry, Young, Page, Houghton, Eldridge, Wheeler, Scofield, Curtis, Coburn and Harmer; Rear-Admiral Reynolds, Commodore Jeffers, Chief Engineers Hanson and Wood, and Second Secretary of Mr. Robeson, Smith; President Sage, Vice-

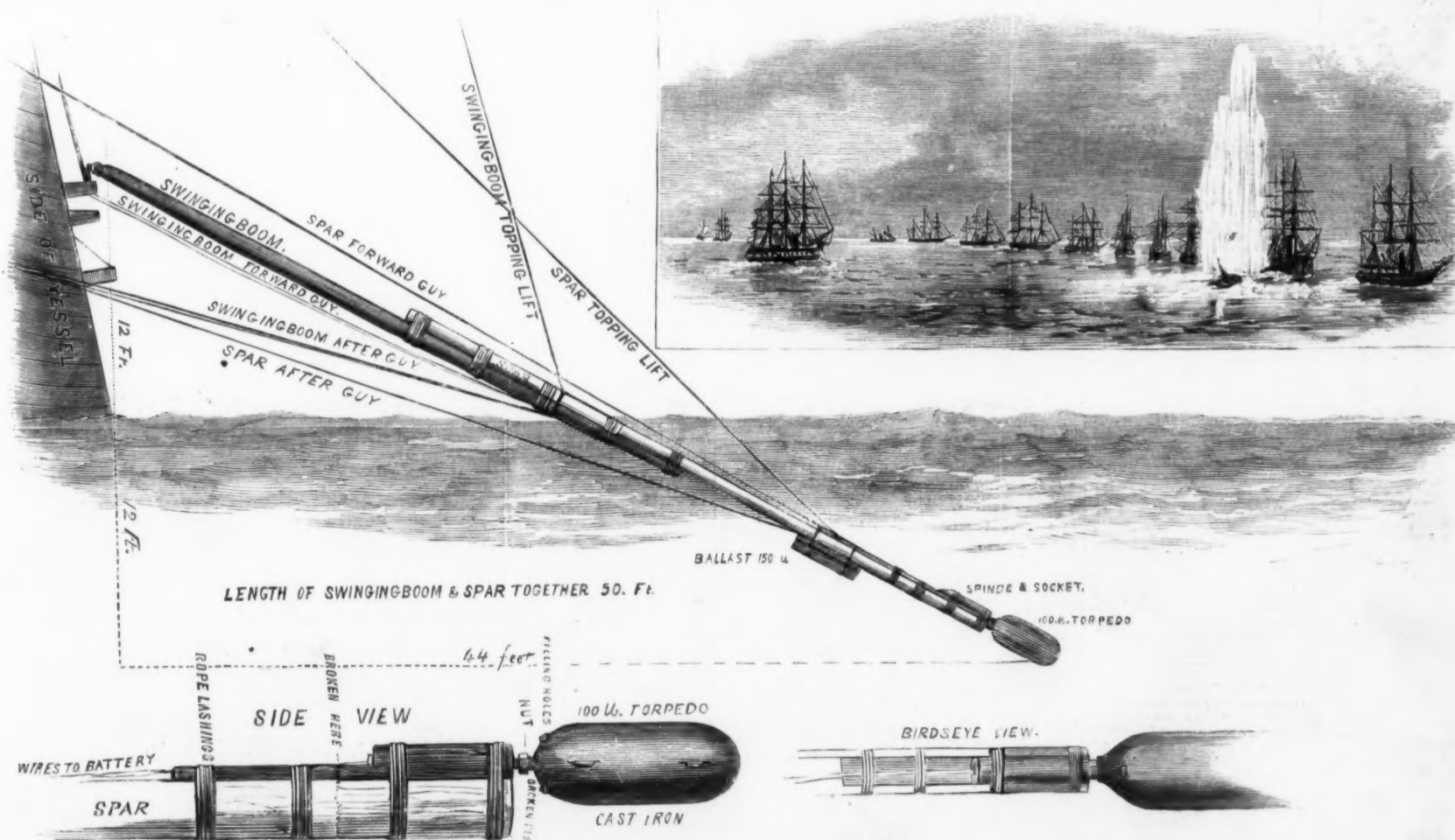
President Hatch, of the Pacific Mail Line, C. Wyman and many hundreds of distinguished citizens from Boston, Providence, New York and intermediate points. The Naval Department of New York was represented by Constructor Hanson, Chief Engineer Henderson and Chief Engineer Sewell. The Navy Department of Philadelphia was represented by Commandant Mullany, Constructors Edward Hart, Steele and Furness.

The magnificent steamer rested on the ways alongside the *City of Yeddo*, another immense steamship now building. The *Peking* is the largest iron vessel ever built, except the *Great Eastern*. She is 423 feet long by 48 feet beam, and over 5,000 tons burden. She has four decks, and accommodations for 150 cabin and 1,800 steerage passengers.

She is well ventilated, beautifully furnished, and very strong. Her smoking-room, dining saloons, hospital and cabins are on a grand scale, and her state-rooms are roomy and comfortable. Her engines are of the most approved modern fashion, and she has ten lifeboats.

Speaking of the launch, the *Sun* says: "At a quarter past one the last prop was knocked from under the *Peking*, and the immense vessel slid from the ways into the stream, and rested like a swan on the bosom of a beautiful lake. Meantime a salute was fired, the band played, and five thousand guests viewed the launch from within the yard, while thousands stood on the wharves on both sides. The steamship was christened by Miss Emeline Roach, of New York.

Soon afterwards a collation was served in the upper story of the mold loft, a large building within the yard, and wine and wit flowed freely. Mr. Sage, the President of the company, made a most happy address, and introduced Senator Cameron, who also made a speech. Mr. Roach, loudly called for, at length responded, proving that he is an orator as well as an artisan. He said with pride that the *Peking* is an American-built vessel, and claimed that our own citizens are the best workmen in the world. In this category he included all who support our flag, whether native-born, or, like himself, having first seen light beyond the seas. Senator Bogy also made a few remarks, and the visitors went aboard the *Peking*, after which they returned to Washington and New York. Everything was in



KEY WEST TACTICS.—TORPEDO PRACTICE—THE FLEET EXERCISING—MODE OF RIGGING THE ELECTRIC APPARATUS.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 59.

excellent taste, owing to the admirable management of Mr. Rufus Hatch, who had charge of the entire entertainment. Coming back to New York, the party became exceedingly jolly. Songs were sung and many witty speeches made, among the most interesting of which was a passage-at-arms between Mr. Richard Schell and Mr. Wyman. Mr. Sage, Mr. Hatch, and Mr. Woodbridge, ex-members of Congress from Vermont, also favored the passengers with some happy remarks.

VICTOR HUGO QUARRELS.

MANY different causes conspired to bring about a difference between author and manager. One evening, on his way to the theatre, M. Hugo noticed that the play-bill announced a change. He had not been advised of it. Nettled at what he regarded an insult, the irascible writer made his way to mademoiselle's room, where Harel was present, and asked what the bill meant? The latter replied that it meant that he, being manager, had a right to select the plays performed at the Theatre Porte St. Martin.

"What have you received to-day?" asked Hugo.

"Twenty-five hundred francs."

"And how much do you expect to make to-morrow by the change?"

"Five hundred more."

"You stop," Lucrezia Borgia, then for this trifling sum?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I choose to do so."

"So be it; but bear in mind that you have performed the last play you will ever get from me."

"The last but one," very coolly replied M. Harel. "You forget that you promised me your next play."

"I never made you any such promise. I said that I would neither refuse nor promise."

"I assert," said M. Harel, "that you did make me such a promise."

"And I," said M. Hugo, "say that I did not."

"Therefore you give me the lie, monsieur, do you?"

"You may take it as you please, monsieur," replied M. Hugo, and flung himself out of the theatre. Upon returning home late at night, M. Hugo found the following letter:

"MONSIEUR: Your persistence in refusing to keep the promise which you have given me frequently and before witnesses, and your declaring that 'I may take it as I please,' I regard as a cause of offense. I therefore request satisfaction. Let me know where and when you will meet me."

Ap. 30, Evening. HAREL."

The next day M. Hugo rose early to look out for seconds. As he turned round the Boulevard, he saw coming towards him the manager.

"Monsieur Hugo," he said, "I wrote you a foolish letter. I am the offended party, but nevertheless make the apology. Will you forgive me, and let me have your piece? As a matter of course, 'Lucrezia' will be performed this evening."

The great author, as placable as he is irascible, could not bear malice, and this time promised the piece. So long as Harel continued manager of the Theatre Porte St. Martin, the great dramatist thereafter supplied him with pieces.

It is a question, not without interest, as to how much reputation, once won, has to do with future success? Would Sir Walter Scott's "Count Robert of Paris" have been productive of £19,000, had "Waverley" never gone through thirty-nine editions? Would Thackeray's "Yellowplush Papers" have been republished, yielding the author more than £7,000, had "Vanity Fair" proven a failure? Or would the Christmas stories of Charles Dickens, poor plagiates as some of them are, have been eagerly and greedily devoured by the English reading world, had a "Pickwick" never caused laughter, nor a "Little Nell" drawn tears? And Victor Hugo—had "Lucrezia Borgia" never been a success, would his "Hernani," "Marie Tudor," "Angelo," "Tyran de Padua," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Burgraves" be considered to be in artistic brilliancy the first dramas of the nineteenth century? No one denies, of course, that as the great leader of the romanticists in France, against the classicists, Victor Marie Hugo is a wonderful man. He has reached the highest distinction in literature, and deserves it. But would he have achieved all this if the fascinations of Mademoiselle Georges had not made "Lucrezia Borgia" the coronet of the French stage? After all, there is nothing succeeds so well as success.

A LOVE STORY BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A STRAPPING, healthy boy with a great appetite was Tom. He lived up in the mountains, among the charcoal-burners, until he was nineteen. Then he went down into the valley and hired out to a farmer. Tom was a scullion and a drudge, and at first the farmer hesitated to trust even the hogs to his care. But there was a glimmering of something in him that showed just a little through his uncleanliness. After a year or two he became a full farm-laborer—a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, powerful fellow, who made himself clumsily useful. Well, about that time the farmer's daughter came home from school. What a revelation she was to Tom! He never knew until then what it was to worship anything, nor how awkward and coarse he was. He would have given all he had, which wasn't much, to learn how to get into a room without hitting the door, or what to do with his hands, or how to sit down right. He began to change his clothes for better ones, when he came from the day's work, and there was about him the dawning of improvement. Finally the great day came. He stood trembling before the farmer's daughter; the hard word was spoken, and she didn't repulse him. I think there is nothing in the life of a man which so rouses and stirs as love. Tom went to the wrestling matches, and what a vim there was in him! He read, he went to church, he wanted to see how people acted. And when after a good life he grew to be an old man, and talked in a trembling voice to his grandchildren, he used to say, "Oh, what a wife she was to me." The world is full of just such instances of blessed influence.

NEW FIRE FOR SLAG.—At the late Vienna Exhibition a new incombustible and non-conducting heat material was exhibited, made from the waste slag of iron furnaces. As the molten slag comes from the furnace a powerful jet of steam blown through it forces the slag, in the state of thin fibres like wool, into an iron chamber prepared to receive it. This article can be wound around pipes like wool, and would seem to be admirably adapted for covering steam cylinders, pipes and boilers.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE asks if "Dr. Hammond will please pray for the average barber: that his unnecessary remarks upon the state of the weather may be reserved for confidential communication in the bosom of his family."

FUN!

A LOAN man.—The pawnbroker.

A CHILD asks why the dolls are all girls.

THE sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

A BAD habit to get into.—A coat that is not paid for.

THE time to be good to the poor is the "present" time.

WHAT is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

INDIANAPOLIS printers look upon their recent strike as a typographical error.

THE ghost that loafs around Columbia, Tenn., runs a sewing-machine when the family is in bed.

TWO BOYS.—"My father is in the Custom House." "Mine's in the station-house." "My father can keep on stealing and yours can't."

IT is a rule of etiquette in Arkansas that no true gentleman will eat with his leg thrown over the back of his neighbor's chair, if he can help it.

TWO LITTLE boys were comparing progress in catechism study: "I have got to original sin," said one; "how far have you got?" "Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

THE Sheboygan (Wis.) Herald says: "Many of our citizens attended the Italian Opera, at Milwaukee, on Monday evening. A lady named Nilsson sang on that occasion, and is said to have done quite well."

WHEN a Western member of Congress recently alluded so feelingly to the "hay-seed in his hair" and the "oats in his throat," why didn't he complete the diagnosis by speaking of the rye in his stomach?

"IS THE old man any better?" asked a bootblack of a newshy, at Detroit, the other day. "Better?" echoed Jim; "I should say he was! You ought to have seen him slinging stove-wood at mother, this morning!"

AN old captain says he well remembers when the Hudson was so low that the passengers on the New York boat had to close their windows during the entire passage down, because the steamer's wheels made so much dust.

A SAVANNAH negro was recently buried alive. His friends dug him out in four hours, and found him alive and well. He said that he never wanted to sneeze so bad in his life, but was afraid he would jar down some more dirt.

"LOOK here, you freedman, when are you going to pay for those papers?" "Don't trouble me, boy, don't trouble me," replied Cuffee, assuming an air of business, and at the same time getting out of the way; "I've taken wid de bankruptcy—no use to say nuffin more on dat subject!"

AN Aberdeen minister, catechizing his young parishioners before the congregation, put the usual question to a stout girl, whose father kept a public-house: "What is your name?" "Nane o' your fun, Mr. Minister; ye ken my name well enough. D'ye no say when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale'?"

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is posted in a conspicuous place in a Logansport grocery. A native stepped into the establishment, last week. He saw the card, and remarked: "I want a ten dollar bill, and I don't see it." "Neither do I," was the laconic reply. The native "looked further," but as he left he advised the grocer to "take down that sign."

THE union of the roses, the white and the red is perfectly enchanting on the fair cheeks that have been beautified with LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, the only cosmetic officially sanctioned by the sanitary authorities. Sold by all druggists.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION.—A WONDERFUL CURE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive Editorial labors on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days. In the September following I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained, and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the first of March, '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets in a short time brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no Cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood; and contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the Lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many and shall ever speak in their praise.

Gratefully, yours,

WM. H. SPENCER.

P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.

A VERY important step in medical science is the plan for administering the most nauseous medicines without offending the senses. Many valuable medicines are extremely obnoxious, and some patients prefer to take the chance of dying rather than repeatedly swallow them. The best method yet devised to overcome the nauseous taste of tar, turpentine, castor oil, cod liver oil, etc., is that of Capsules, by which the odor is entirely confined and the medicament conveyed into the stomach without the knowledge, so to speak, of the tongue, palate or throat. Thus Castor Oil, the safest and most valuable of all known purgatives, can be taken agreeably and easily by adult or child. The Capsules made by Dundas Dick & Co. are said to be superior to all others. They contain genuine medicines, are free from every objection, and, having obtained the recognition of the medical profession, are now the only Capsules prescribed by physicians. Dundas Dick & Co. use more Oil of Sandalwood in one variety of their Capsules than all other dealers combined. It is a most valuable remedy for the diseases for which it is used. They are put up in an elegant manner, expressly for the promotion of Trade, and the improved style has so greatly increased the demand, both at home and abroad, that their circulars are now printed in English, French, German, Spanish and Portuguese, and their superiority over all others is universally conceded.—N. Y. Herald, Dec. 14, 1873.

The Traveler's Guide.

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THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., possesses advantages for business men.

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Issued on Saturday, April 4, 1874.

FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl St., New York.

NAPLES, ILL., Feb. 27th, 1874.

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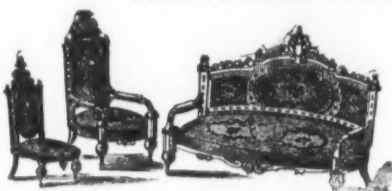
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